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EIGHTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - - EDITOR

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HEARST'S ANOMALOUS SITUATION

HERE'S a pretty kettle of fish! William Randolph Hearst, tentative candidate for the Democratic nomination for President in a hard-and-fast alliance with Harrison Gray Otis of the Times to suppress competition, maintain a five-cent newspaper rate and incidentally give succor to the bitterest enemy of union labor in the country! Think of it! The Examiner, which was started in Los Angeles in response to the appeal of union labor, now found cheek-by-jowl with the paper of all others despised by union men everywhere.

No wonder that Publisher Hearst has abridged his European trip and is now hurrying to Los Angeles as fast as modern transportation means can carry him. If this alliance is maintained a glimmering will go all his fond hopes of political preference, for what sort of an appeal can he make to labor votes with this Otis-Hearst combination rising up like Banquo's ghost to swat his ambition? Of all the blundering tricks played in politics this quasi-partnership with Otis and the Times surely is the stupidest. The "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" that floored Mr. Blaine's hopes was not half so serious a handicap as the Otis toe-weights assumed by Hearst.

Of course, the canny politician will at once supersede the newspaper publisher. Candidate Hearst will denounce the action of his representative, deny all knowledge of the agreement with Otis-Chandler to foster a 5-cent trust and, possibly, possibly, meet the new Richmond in the morning field by reducing the price of the Examiner to one cent, which is what he gets for his Chicago publications. It was he who forced the price to one cent in that city, where the morning paper publishers were getting two cents a copy and about breaking even on the white paper bill; now, the larger the concession the worse off they are financially.

If Hearst decides to abrogate the Times-Ex-

aminer gentleman's agreement and cut loose from the trust by a horizontal reduction to one cent he will have to face a loss of \$30,000 a month in circulation receipts. This will be a serious blow, setting the paper back all it has gained in the eight years of its establishment. In other words, having attained a point where the paper is about meeting expenses the reduction in price would involve a loss of \$360,000 a year, which the advertisers would be expected to make up to him. We doubt if he could collect, with four hungry morning dailies and two evening papers clamoring for "copy." However, it is the political situation that worries Hearst; to do him justice, he never whimpers because of the financial cost.

LURE OF THE SUNDAY LINKS

REV. Malcolm James Macleod, whose Los Pasadena still mourns, has been writing for the Continent, the ably edited Presbyterian weekly, published in Chicago, a thoughtful, well-poised article on golfing, under the suggestive title, "Using a Good Game in a Wrong Way." It is so delightfully handled, is in so good taste, yet withal so admirably considered from the layman and preacher viewpoints, that The Graphic begs pardon of the Continent for reproducing the article entire. What Dr. Macleod says so well should be given wide dissemination.

Asserts the reverend gentleman: "The automobile and the links are doing more today to empty our churches than any other lure of the evil one." It would be difficult successfully to controvert that statement. He is right in declaring they are the response of a worldly Christianity to the universal challenge of the age. But how to save the Sabbath to other and less worldly uses? This is an era of great concentration in business, and the captain of industry or the professional man demands relaxation. If he is wise he devotes two afternoons a week to the golf, with the most beneficent results. What Dr. Macleod deprecates is the additional Sunday passed on the links, to the exclusion of Christian worship. Not only is golf emptying the churches, but it is educating to false standards thousands of youngsters who, in the capacity of caddies, remain the entire day on the links.

It is estimated that upward of one hundred thousand caddies are in attendance at the various golf club courses every Sabbath day, a goodly percentage of whom formerly were enrolled in Sunday schools. Two hundred and fifty thousand country club members are, in a large measure, responsible for this dereliction. Are they perfectly willing to admit the impeachment, with all that it entails? The agnostic may sneer and shrug his shoulders in disdain, but how about the others, former church-goers, who have succumbed to the lure of the links? There must be many such, for Dr. Macleod says he can count, offhand, from twelve to twenty members of churches, who, up to two years ago, would have been shocked at the idea of Sunday golfing, but who today are passing every Sunday morning in that way.

Of course, the argument is that the relaxation so obtained is of more benefit to the golfer than to sit inside of four walls listening to an uninspiring sermon or, possibly, to an inspiring one, to which the good doctor responds, "Then, if it does one more good to golf, it should be advised for everybody, caddies included." Truly, it is a nice point to determine, but there is a solution. We would suggest a compromise: Church in the morning with the family; in the afternoon automobile rides if the women please and the income provides the vehicle, with golf for the men folk. This is a fair division, and would, we believe, be acceptable to every open-minded minister of the gospel in the country.

Dr. Macleod may not consent. He would have

professing Christians, who are country club members, organize a club of their own, patterned on Christian ideals, with no bar and no Sunday playing permitted. The chief objection to this is that it would exclude hundreds of workers who have no secular half-holidays, and whose Sundays offer the only opportunity for outdoor diversion. Shall they be debarred the healthy relaxation golf provides? Surely, the division of the day we suggest is the more logical course to pursue.

It is a vexed question. "We," says the doctor, are losing our Sabbath day by leaps and bounds and flashes. It is running away with us at breakneck speed." Thus the minister. It is the loss of his Sabbath day he deprecates. But is the gain to the layman commensurate in inverse ratio? On which side of the ledger is he marking his Sabbath days—debit or credit? Doubtless, he believes the gospel of the tee better for his general welfare than that of theology or he would not be found worshipping, every Sunday, at the outdoor shrine. Is he overdoing it, as we Americans overdo so many other forms of diversion? We commend to our readers Dr. Macleod's rational article on golfing, to be found on another page of this issue. It is well worth thoughtful study.

SHALL THE TAXPAYERS SHARE?

FROM the table of expectancy in municipal utility revenues, as set forth in the Sabbath Day Times of July 16, the reader learns that the gross revenue to the city will be more than thirteen millions of dollars—presumably, annually—and dating from 1915. Of this, power is to yield an income of ten millions, harbor \$500,000, municipal railroad (net) \$300,000, and water \$2,600,000. This dream picture is to make of Los Angeles a city without taxation. What a cheering prospect!

In the estimate of what the water revenues will yield, this flamboyant article in the Times does not trouble to deal with details, except to say that the filling up of the fertile valleys within a few miles of Los Angeles—San Fernando valley, for instance—"will add inestimable thousands to the revenues of the city." As near as we can gather the fertile valley of the San Fernando will be furnished water by the city at about \$90 an inch per annum; elsewhere in southern California this same water supply commands all the way from \$1,500 to \$2,500 an inch. Because of the great boon Los Angeles is to bestow on the valley, thanks to the cheerful altruism of the taxpayers in the city limits, in nowise interested financially, a few nimble spirits, having pre-knowledge of what was coming, quietly gathered options on all the lands worth having, or else, as in the Porter ranch case, bought large holdings outright. These are now being peddled homeopathically to prospective small ranchers at an appreciable advance over the original purchase price.

Why are the taxpayers generally not profiting in this increase of values in lands their self-incurred obligations have made possible? Why should the water they have taxed themselves millions to bring here be poured into lands controlled by an inside coterie of speculators, at a price ridiculously below the rate elsewhere demanded for a similar service? Why? Because the men chiefly interested in these waterless plains are prominent newspaper owners, and the original proponents of the aqueduct project knew the cupidity of these public moulders must be aroused before their support could be enlisted. Their price was the ground floor of San Fernando valley and the bargain was struck for publicity, in return for cheap water, which the city proper may never need for its own legitimate use.

Since the municipality was to trade and dicker

in water, why not in realty? Why did not the city take options on several hundred thousand acres of San Fernando ranch property, with a view to profiting by the natural increase in values made possible by a whole city's obligation? That it was not done was a flagrant injustice to the taxpayers. When the editor of The Graphic, then editor and publisher of The Evening News, protested against the policy that would make a few men rich at the expense of the many, and insisted that all ought to share in the increased values, he was denounced. By whom? By those other publishers who stood to reap a mighty harvest of profit when the water project was finally consummated. The voice of The Evening News was finally silenced, but its editor stood to his guns until the last, knowing he was right in his contentions, although cunningly made to appear as the enemy of the people, instead of their champion.

Today, the self-confessed champion of the people is the Morning Tribune, which paper, at the head of its editorial page, prints daily this definition of its principles:

A tribune of the people; an officer or magistrate chosen by the people to protect them from the oppression of the patricians or nobles, and to defend their liberties against any attempts upon them. Hence, one who upholds or champions popular rights; a champion of the people.—Century Dictionary.

"Thus far, the readers have discerned no objections in its columns, nor yet in the Express, to the cheap water rate proposed for the lands owned by the wise syndicate. Alas, no. Why not? It is feared that private interests of the newspaper owner cause him to hesitate. Yet, if his Tribune is to be a true champion of the people and all private interests in San Fernando lands should be set aside for the larger, greater interests of the people whose rights are being neglected in this proposed distribution of aqueduct water.

We urge the owner of the Tribune to advocate, with all the strength of conviction, the payment by the several San Fernando land syndicates, of a big bonus into the city treasury to the credit of the aqueduct bonds, for the privilege of receiving adequate water service. It is preposterous that the credit of a municipality—voted to bring a water supply that may not be needed by Los Angeles for twenty-five years, if ever—should be used for private gain, without a dollar of bonus to the taxpayers bearing the burden of indebtedness incurred. The argument that, in time, assessable property in the San Fernando district will repay the city, in part, is disingenuous. Such payment will cost the land syndicate, now engaged in disposing of small ranches, nothing. The big speculators waxing rich through the "assisted" enterprise of misguided taxpayers, should be compelled to divide their profits, at least, with the city. They are able to get a big advance for acreage property because water is to be delivered for \$90 an inch per annum that, elsewhere in Southern California, commands twenty times that sum.

HUGHES STRONGER THAN TAFT

IF THE insurgents are planning to defeat Taft for the Republican nomination for President by springing the favorite son game in the pivotal states, such as Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana and similar debatable ground, they are likely to meet with disappointment; thus far the President has the "age" in national game parlance. "Jimmy" Garfield is a nice boy, a worthy son of his illustrious sire, but we doubt if he can carry Ohio as against Taft. Heavier timber will be needed.

With the reciprocity bill conceded to have enough votes in the senate to insure its passage, the President emerges from the congressional scrimmage with points to spare. Had the senate concluded to defeat the measure the country would have revenged itself on Mr. Taft, regardless of the inconsistency of such a course. But even with the prestige of victory for his pet project the President is yet sadly out of touch with the plain people. He is weak on the tariff, still hankers for ship subsidy and if a chance offers to go wrong he invariably accepts it.

Take the Dr. Wiley case. There is little doubt that he acquiesced in the dismissal of the able

chief chemist of the Agricultural Department, and was ready to sacrifice that sturdy official to the demands of the manufacturers, whose fraudulently-labeled goods he has exposed, when the sharp protest from the country caused the President to swerve, for fear of reprisals. Now the report is that Dr. Harvey Wiley is likely to remain and Secretary Wilson "may" resign. Evidently, that sharp watch dog of administration politics, Postmaster-General Hitchcock, has notified his chief of the blunder about to be perpetrated and saved the day as well as the doctor.

Whether it shall be Woodrow Wilson or Bryan, either one can defeat Mr. Taft before the country, we believe. It is perfectly true that the people are more in accord with Mr. Bryan's policies at this stage than ever before and his consistent advocacy of Democratic doctrines has won well-merited approval. With Taft opposing, he could probably be elected, but should Mr. Justice Hughes be called upon to lead his party in 1912 the result need never be in doubt. As between Taft and Hughes the latter is immeasurably the stronger candidate.

GOLD BRICK FOR MT. WASHINGTON

OF ALL the gold bricks offered to guileless individuals for purchase that, tentatively tendered to the residents of Mt. Washington, surely is the gauziest, lightest in weight. "Come in to the city of Los Angeles," say the proponents of the expanding limits measure, and share in our thirty-five million bond issue, also in the other millions of indebtedness not yet fastened on the taxpayers, but soon to be clinched. In return we will give you—what?

No more than Mt. Washington already enjoys: An excellent water supply—far better than brackish Owens River can ever give—gas, electric lights and telephone service. They might possibly get a lone policeman on the mount, but a private watchman could be employed for one-fiftieth part of the cost the presence of the city uniform would entail on the taxpaying residents of that delightful suburb. Perhaps the property owners of Mt. Washington are threatened with softening of the brain, but until a majority votes in favor of annexation to the city we shall refuse to believe it is true.

Who is this Mr. John P. Steele, credited with circulating the petition for annexation, and whom does he represent? Besides Mt. Washington this new territory proposed to be absorbed comprises Glassell Park, Arroyo Seco, North Highland Park, West Highland Park, Bairdstown, Hermon and that portion of Belvedere north of Aliso street. Let not the residents of these outlying sections hug the notion that their taxes would be merely doubled. They would be quadrupled! As it is they now pay only county taxes, and this year will have no state tax to pay, so the rate should be not to exceed 55 cents, possibly less. The Los Angeles rate will be about \$1.75, and as the law requires that the annexed territory must assume its proportionate share of the bonded indebtedness of the incorporating city, together with its quota of the city taxes, also harbor and power bonds, the result is obvious.

It would be a suicidal move for Mt. Washington deliberately to vote this burden of taxation on its property holdings for the doubtful privilege of being included in the city limits. We say doubtful, for the heavy bond issue, self-imposed, to give San Fernando valley land speculators a water supply—has caused a staggering debt which those now shouldering it are naturally eager to diffuse. We repeat, this invitation to "come in" is the yellowest gold brick game of local record.

GRAPHITES

Imperial County is to be congratulated on its decision to form an irrigation district by means of which the farmers of the valley will be able to control and manage their own water supply. No longer dependent on the reluctant efforts of a corporation interested only indirectly in the valley's progress, the vote to establish an irrigation district is a distinct step forward for the ranchers of California's Egypt. The area to be brought under irrigation comprises 360,000 acres or 562 square miles, nearly ten times greater

than the original Riverside incorporation. This is a vast undertaking for Imperial county to assume, but we believe it is equal to the task and that increased prosperity and a notable influx of settlers will follow in the wake of this decisive action. The work ahead is of great magnitude, but the prospective rewards are commensurate with the stupendous enterprise. It is interesting to note that Imperial county's assessment roll for 1911 shows a total valuation of \$16,161,923, or a gain of more than 31 per cent on the assessment of last year.

That was a noble invocation which Bishop Conaty gave at the dedicatory exercises at Balboa Park, San Diego, Wednesday. His reference to San Diego, the first born, child of struggle and pain, was particularly felicitous. Here is his poetic closing apostrophe, following his splendid tribute to the Franciscan padres who began the work of civilization on this coast:

O California, beloved of us all, we reverently salute thee. Thy soil has been made sacred by these holy men, and the monuments built by them are sacred. The purple haze of thy mother mountains, the gorgeous sunsets in thy sun-kissed sea, the golden harvest of thy fertile fields, the wealth of thy rich orchards, the beauty and fragrance of thy shrubs and flowers, the life-elixir of thy thousand springs—land of the afternoon, land of sunshine—thou art indeed blessed of God. The people, happy and prosperous, gladly acclaim thee the Golden State, and pray that God may always bless thee with a manhood and a womanhood worthy of Thy gifts.

San Diego has set a good pace to San Francisco in the matter of progress and unanimity of action regarding her exposition to signalize the opening of the Panama canal in 1915. With the exercises of this week completed, the enterprise goes forward in earnest, while San Francisco not yet has decided upon a site.

Found guilty of bribery and now awaiting sentence, Henry P. Dalton, for nearly seventeen years assessor of Alameda county, is in imminent proximity to the penitentiary. It is not pleasant to contemplate the downfall of a once trusted official such as Dalton was, but his guilt is so evident and the motive so sordid that sympathy is wasted in his case. His plea that the \$5,000 found on his person was a "loan" from the Spring Valley Water Company was too flimsy a defense for the jury to consider; even if it were, on what honest grounds could the Alameda county assessor excuse "borrowing" from such a source? With a salary of \$7,000 and large patronage to bestow Dalton had not even the plea of poverty to urge in mitigation of his offense. Alameda county is well rid of so vulgar a criminal.

That the honor system in regard to long-term prisoners is not a sentimental mistake has been fully demonstrated by Warden Baker of the Nevada state prison. For many months a gang of twenty prisoners, mostly long-termers, have been building state highways near Carson, watched over by but one guard, unarmed. Occasionally the men have been fully two miles apart and at that distance from the lone keeper, yet only one has attempted to escape. They sleep in tents near their work and seem to appreciate the privilege of open-air occupation without shackles or armed guards to remind them of their social lapse. It is a humanitarian course to pursue and might, with profit, be introduced in California.

With the commutation by the Canadian cabinet of the death sentence of Mrs. Angelina Napolitano to that of life imprisonment, the agitation in favor of the slayer of her husband will cease, presumably. Said the New York Tribune recently: "It may be granted that although the man was not fit to live, the woman had no right to kill him, and her sex should in itself afford her no immunity. But that does not mitigate the horror of judicially speculating upon the problem whether the date set for putting her to death falls just before or just after the date upon which she is to become a mother. Savagery itself might be expected to have compunction in such circumstances."

It is gratifying to note that the esteemed Times is at last reforming its ways in regard to the publication of near and genuine poetry. Its differentiation was apparent Wednesday of this week, when, on the editorial page, was printed a genuine poem by Caroline Reynolds, which originally appeared in The Graphic. We can forgive the absence of credit in view of the progressive appreciation shown.

AMONG THE PROGRESSIVE WOMEN

STATESMANSHIP OF WOMAN

By Elizabeth Boynton Harbert

"**A** WAKE! Awake, Deborah, awake; utter a song."

"The highways were unoccupied and the travelers walked through byways."

"The inhabitants of the villages ceased in Israel until that I, Deborah, arose; that I arose, a mother in Israel."

"Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord, thy God, giveth thee."

"And God said let us make man in our own image, male and female; and He gave to them dominion."

So many basic texts confront us that possibly the sermon may be crowded out; but we cannot forbear adding two more, from two of the great pioneers in the now world-wide crusade in behalf of the home and the children—Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. With the fervid earnestness that caused Rev. Robert Collier to say that her addressess "were like a psalm of life," Mrs. Mott said:

"We would admit all the difference that our great and beneficent Creator has made in the relation of man and woman, nor would we seek to distrust that relation, but we deny that woman will attain to her true sphere until the disabilities, religious, civil and social, which impede her progress are removed out of her way."

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the royal mother of seven children, but who was a great humanitarian-patriot as well, gave to us this thought, "Work is worship only when a noble purpose fills the soul. Woman is equally responsible with man in the final settlement of this problem of self-government; therefore let none stand idle spectators now. When every hour is big with destiny and each delay but complicates our difficulties it is high time for the daughters of America, in solemn council to unseal the last will and testament of the fathers, lay hold of their birthright of freedom and keep in a sacred trust for coming generations."

May we also add here one of our own favorite texts, that there is no distinctively woman question; it is ever and always the human question. (It is the loving thought.) We should be patient with the one-time failure of our sister women to understand the dignity of self-government, because, throughout the ages, the progress of liberty has been slow, and at this time there are hosts of our brothers content to dwell under an emperor, a czar or a king, rather than share with all men the rights to liberty and the pursuit of happiness. This is a crusade of fatherhood and motherhood in behalf of childhood.

In 1875, the seventh annual meeting of the A. W. S. was held in New York, one thousand persons being in attendance. Bishop Gilbert Haven (of the Methodist Church,) president of the Association, in his inaugural address, spoke as follows:

"Monarchical governments recognize the nation as belonging to a family; but the democratic system recognizes a government by the people and for the people and if this be such a government, every person in the nation has a right to participate in its administration. There is no partiality that can be possible in such a conception of the system of government under which we live. The only root fact of our national being lies in the first line of the Declaration. When we declared ourselves to be a nation, we declared for the equality for all, and we never meant by that simply equality for the males. Every one had a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the woman as well as the man." (What woman in California can be happy so long as she has not an equal right to her child that a man has?)

Throughout the world, humanitarians and philosophers, poets, prophets and seers are turning with joy to the great army of reserves, confident that the mothers, sisters, wives and daughters of the great men who founded this Republic, will assist in perpetuating it.

Generations ago, one of our wisest statesmen and philosophers, President John Adams, submitted the following question and statement to his wife, Abigail Adams, the mother of John Quincy Adams. Oct. 23, 1775, writing in regard to her mother, Mr. Adams thus expressed himself: "I must confess I ever felt a veneration for her which seems increased by the news of her translation. Your mother had a clear and penetrating understanding and a profound judgment,

as well as an honest, a friendly and a charitable heart. There is one thing, however, which you will forgive me if I hint at to you. Let me ask you, rather, if you are not of my opinion? Were not her talents and virtues too much confined to private, social and domestic life? My opinion of the duties of religion and morality comprehends a very extensive connection with society at large and the great interest of the public." The benevolence, charity, capacity and industry which, exerted in private life, would make a family, a parish or a town happy, exerted upon a larger scale might save generations and nations from misery, want and contempt.

While the men of a few generations have wrought marvellously, building the cities, bridging the rivers, tunnelling the mountains, founding universities, libraries, schools and churches, woman has not been idle. By the cradles of her children she has been developing her innate maternal instinct for government, until the one special characteristic which has proved a great surprise to the historians of the past, and the prophets of the future, is her genius for statesmanship. Not woman's statesmanship, as something antagonistic to that of man, but a statesmanship complementary, co-ordinate, and constructive.

Especially, is woman's wonderful talent for governing evinced in Asia. If a Hindoo principality is strongly, vigilantly and economically governed; if order is preserved without oppression, in three cases out of four that principality is under a woman's rule. This fact," writes Mr. John Stuart Mill, "to me entirely unexpected, I have collected from a long official knowledge of Hindoo governments. There are many such instances, for though by Hindoo institutions a woman cannot reign, she is the legal regent of a kingdom during the minority of the heir, and the minorities are frequent, the lives of the male rulers being so often prematurely terminated through their inactivity and excesses. When we consider that these princesses have never been seen in public; have not conversed with any man not of their own family save from behind a curtain; that they do not read, the example they afford of the natural capacity of women for government is very striking."

Searching the records for woman's work in connection with the rapid ascendancy of the ancient Romans, we meet with the record of Carmenta. This "poet-statesman," according to Dionysius, found means for conducting an emigration to Italy about sixty years prior to the Trojan war. She led her followers into Italy, established her son, Evander, king of that country, which afterward contained Rome. Carmenta found the country inhabited by a savage race, without agriculture, without courtesy, without religion. She taught the people to sow grain, and the value of agriculture, introduced music and poetry, built their first temple and lifted their thoughts to a superintending diety. For her wise statesmanship she was revered as prophetess, priestess and queen and received her celebrated name, Carmenta, in recognition of the oracular power with which she was gifted.

The relation of Deborah, Miriam and Hur to the Israelitish nation is so well known that it requires but slight emphasis. For forty years the poet-mother and warrior-statesman, Deborah, ruled Israel so wisely that she alone of all the long line of judges escaped reproach by the prophets and historians. Evincing the true woman nature she chose the word "Mother" as her highest title when she wrote "The highways were unoccupied, and the travelers walked through byways, until I arose 'a mother in Israel.'" One of the ecclesiastical historians assures us that "her genius was superior to any recorded in the history of the Hebrews from Moses to David, an interval of more than four hundred years; while for twenty-three centuries the Jews have celebrated in their festival called 'days of Purim' the patriotic statesmanship of Esther, the beautiful queen."

Martia, surnamed Probe the Just, was, according to Hollinshed, "the widow of Gutilene, a king of the Britons, and was left protectress of the realm during the minority of her son." Perceiving much in the conduct of her subjects which needed reformation, she devised sundry wholesome laws which are known as the celebrated "Martian statutes." King Alfred at a subsequent date caused the laws of this scholarly princess to be established in the realm. These laws, embracing trial by jury and the just descent of property, were after-

ward collated by Edward the Confessor, and form the remarkable code of laws known as the "common law of England."

We find Theolinda, the Lombard queen, Catherine II, empress of Russia, Christina of Sweden, and many others written high in the annals of statesmanship in the past. The record of Elizabeth of England is so familiar that we call attention to but one suggestive statement in regard to her reign: "The kingdom under her statesmanship acquired and maintained a higher and more influential place among the states of Europe, through her peaceful policy than it had ever secured by the most successful military exertions of former ages." The phrase "Elizabethan age" is a synonym for Anglo-Saxon progress.

"Mother Ann of Saxony multiplied schools for the people; under her wise direction waste land was cultivated and new foods introduced suited to the soil; she accompanied her husband on his travels to learn the condition of her people and of other nations and tried to make her knowledge contribute to the happiness, comfort and wealth of her people." Margaret, of Austria, was a wise counselor in state affairs, and was the first sovereign to provide public rooms where the poor could have the opportunity to warm themselves during the severe winters." Philippa, of England, "with her own pin-money brought to England Froissart, to travel at her expense, so that the French and English might come to a better knowledge of each other and as a result avoid frequent wars. She established the Flemish weavers and cotton and flax industries in Norfolk, built homes for their people. Through her, ship-building and the great commerce of England were established."

Of Queen Victoria: "A trustfulness has grown up in the throne of a singular kind, which is, so far as we know, unprecedented in history," says the Spectator, "and which has immensely increased the freedom of action of the people. They feel that they can go on and govern themselves without perpetually struggling with or even watching the occupant of the throne."

Lamartine says: "Everywhere, it is from the fireside of a lettered or enthusiastic woman that an age is lighted up, or an eloquence bursts forth. Always, a woman is the nurse of genius at the cradle of liberty." And Wendell Phillips, while still in his early manhood, at the great Equal Rights convention at Worcester, Mass. declared: "This movement has been well described as the most magnificent reform that has been launched upon the world. It is the first organized protest against the injustice which has brooded over the character and the destiny of one-half of the human race. What! Deny statesmanship to women? To the sisters of Elizabeth of England, Isabella of Spain, Maria Theresa of Austria? Aye, let me add the name of Elizabeth Herrick of England, the great statesman. Seven years under her instruction did more for the settlement of the greatest social questions that had convulsed Europe, than had been done in a century of more or less effort before."

We get no Raphael, or Michael Angelo, no Phidias or Beethoven from woman. No woman has painted the greatest picture, carved the noblest statue, composed the best oratorio, or opera. Not many women's names appear after that of Joan D'Arc in the long list of warriors, but as a statesman woman stands the peer of man. While man has rendered such regal service in the realm of art, woman has not been idle.

At the recent council of women, representing the five states in which women have been enfranchised, the following resolutions were adopted:

"The women voters of America and the world stand for equality of opportunity for every human being; for the right of all children to a joyful, care-free childhood; for an environment for woman which shall enthrone motherhood, improve childhood and make possible a manhood fitted to meet the demands of the better day that is coming."

The first glimpse we get of Saxon blood in history is that line of Tacitus, which reads, "In all grave matters they consult their women." Let us hope that after October 10, 1911, a second Tacitus, from freedom's home, amid the sun-crowned mountains and rose-embowered homes of California, and this liberty-loving West, will answer him of the seven hills: "On all great questions, pertaining to the sacred homes and the divine familyhood of the Creator and the created, to the housekeeping and home-making of the state, they consult their women."



WHEN George IV of England was Prince of Wales, and Sheridan, the manager of Drury Lane Theater, was his inseparable companion, Joseph Grimaldi the inimitable clown and pantomimist was easily the prime favorite of the theater-going public of the British metropolis. His songs, his grimaces, his jokes, were the joy and delight of two generations of audiences, and his memoirs, written by himself, were so highly considered that no less a personage than Charles Dickens was engaged by Grimaldi's publishers to edit the reminiscences. It is a copy of that curious personal history that I found at the Old Book Shop this week, published in 1853, sixteen years after Grimaldi died. For about a year preceding his demise Grimaldi was employed in writing a full account of his life and adventures. It was his chief occupation and amusement, Dickens tells us. Naturally, the old clown was inclined to be garrulous, and the editor's task was to abridge the voluminous matter so deftly that nothing vital was taken from the narrative. With the redoubtable George Cruikshank to illustrate the pages, a document of great human interest is the result.

* * *

Both the father and grandfather of Joseph Grimaldi were professional dancers, and to the French and English public were well and favorably known. His father, a native of Genoa, was a pantomime actor at the fairs in Italy and France, who crossed the English Channel in the 1750's and made his first appearance before a British audience at the King's Theater in the Haymarket in about 1758. Later, he was appointed balletmaster of old Drury Lane Theater and Sadler's Wells, acting also as primo buffo, or clown. Joe's mother was a dancer, and no church ceremony seems to have legitimized his birth. At the age of three he was thrust before the public, by his father, at Sadler's Wells, and for upward of nearly fifty years thereafter he continued to make sport for the British public. His initial character essayed was that of a little clown in the pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe," followed a year later by that of a monkey at Drury Lane. His father was cursed with an irascible disposition, and the little lad suffered many painful indignities at his hands. Even his tiny salary was filched by his parent, who was possessed of an inordinate thirst. Fortunately, he died when Joe was in his tenth year.

* * *

Grimaldi served under Sheridan at the Drury Lane Theater, under Charles Dibden at Sadler's Wells and with John and Charles Kemble at Covent Garden. The celebrated pantomimist was on terms of friendship with Lord Byron, whom Grimaldi describes as appearing lost in a deep melancholy at times, his face expressing profound grief. Again, "he was very lively, chatting with great spirit and vivacity; and then, occasionally, he would be a complete fop, exhibiting his white hands and teeth with an almost ludicrous degree of affectation. But whether grave or gay, lively or severe, his bitter, biting sarcasm never was omitted or forgotten." Byron was wont to wait for Grimaldi in the "wings," to renew a conversation broken off by the clown's absence on the stage, and frequently they would talk together for hours. When Byron left England for Greece, whence he was destined never to return, he presented the great fun-maker with a valuable silver snuff-box bearing the inscription: "The gift of Lord Byron to Joseph Grimaldi."

* * *

Many of the songs that Grimaldi sang in his heyday have retained popularity through more than century. His "Slap-bang! Here we are again." is still revived at Christmas harlequin performances, and dozens of other catchy songs introduced by "Joey" Grimaldi have outlasted by a hundred years the one who started them going. As a pantomimist he has had no equal on the English stage, and with him disappeared the grotesque humor that made his department of acting unique. The harlequins that have succeeded him on the English stage have won fleeting popularity by feats of tumbling dexterity, accompanied by facial contortions, but for genuine

drollness Grimaldi is and has been unapproachable. He was a man of the kindest heart, and the most childlike simplicity, whose many acts of private goodness indicated a pure benevolence of heart and a delicacy of feeling that would have done honor to a man in the highest station of life. It was a sore trial to him that his only son, Joe, a young man of fine promise as an actor, should have turned out so badly. He died at thirty, a victim of his intemperate habits. In spite of his profession Grimaldi was a man of great feeling and sensibility. Early in his career he met deep grief in the loss of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached. The reckless career and dreadful end of his only son bowed him with despair, yet through it all he continued to make an entire nation laugh, when his own heart was nigh breaking. What a tragedy was that! The funniest man known to all the country, yet in reality a man of deep sorrows. Patient and resigned under heavy trial he steeled himself to endure his troubles uncomplainingly, and by his fortitude of mind rose superior to misfortune. Here is a lesson which a study of this clown's life teaches.

S. T. C.

PLAYGOERS SOCIETY FOR LOS ANGELES

By Everett C. Maxwell

THERE is now and I suppose there always will be much meaningless discussion talked and written about dramatic art. For a time, in the not far remote past, I assiduously applied my mind to lengthy and erratic theses upon this much-abused subject, which found their way into the contents of every journal of consequence published in America or England. The names of well known actors, managers, and critics were boldly attached to many of these articles, but, unfortunately, this stamp of authority lost value in the minds of intelligent, well informed students of the drama when a summary was taken of the various and widely diffused statements which were set forth. One actress of moderate fame proudly declared that so real to her are the characters she portrays and so completely does she live their lives that she dare not trust herself to play the part of a bad woman. We next hear Mr. Kyrle Bellew declare that all this sort of thing is only press agent talk and that emotional acting can be reduced to mere mechanical manipulation, worked by means of a perfect technical apparatus. Mr. Bellew, I believe, asserts that he never at any time feels his emotion. Allen Dale writes with much finish upon the subject of what an easy holiday existence is the life of an actor and in the following week's issue of the journal. Mary Shaw moves us to tears by her revelations of the ceaseless treadmill existence of the people of the mimic world.

* * *

In this maze of words one finally begins to lose sight of the original meaning of the term dramatic art, and like many who may read this article, I was dangerously near accepting the bizarre substitute which most managers are dealing out to an unthinking public and which they, themselves, have aptly and correctly named the "show business." There is a wide hiatus between dramatic art and the "show business." It requires trained professionals to "put the latter over," but I have seen the former expounded in a surprisingly fine manner by those the stage manager would hail as "supers." I have now in mind a local group of young enthusiasts, mostly college students, who, under the spell of such able educators as Dr. Richard Burton, Mrs. Merrill Moore Grigg, and Miss Frances Willamene Wilkes have been led into paths of sane judgment and right thinking along dramatic lines and have, in the past winter, as a result of their earnest endeavor to do something truly worthy, presented to their credit such good modern plays as "The Importance of Being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde, "Mater," by Percy Mackaye, "The Pretenders," by Ibsen, "Don," by Rudolph Besier, and many delightful studies of the poetic peasant folk of Ireland as set forth in the plays of Yeats, Synge, and Lady Gregory. Their audiences were meager as were often the stage facilities, but like the little Irish theater players, they were satisfied if one or two intelligent friends were in front to appreciate what they were aiming to do for the cause of art in the drama.

* * *

Such effort merits public encouragement at all times, for the idea of "what the public wants" has, I fear, become a beam in the eye of most managers, and has too often blinded them to the fact that the public does not always want the same dramatic diet. As matters now stand in America, I do not greatly blame a manager for rejecting such works of true art as "The Faith Healer," "Rahab," "Chanticleer," and "Don," for, while there are many who would revel in these literary

offerings, the great majority would fall asleep in the second act and snore so lustily throughout the third that the house usher would have to interfere. It is naturally true (note, that I do not say shamefully true) that as a people we are not yet ready for a national theater for endowed drama. Even New York is not certain about it.

* * *

Now, the question arises, must those among us who have reached the plane of literary drama go hungry while our theaters are overrun with putrid musical comedy, shilly-shally farce, and lurid problem plays? This does not seem fair, and as an alternative, let me recommend the formation of a stage society in every city in America, which society has developed far enough along lines of mental and moral culture to warrant the new era of "the stage as the people's university." The average American city cannot now and may not for years to come support an endowed theater for the performance of high class drama, but it can, as has been proved, maintain a "Stage Society," which is as near an equivalent as this period of transition warrants. When Lady Gregory, Mr. Edward Martyn, and Wm. Butler Yeats planned the Irish theater movement in 1901, it was an experiment, a test trial to ascertain if possible just what the public did want. Its early struggles form interesting narratives, but today its influence is felt throughout the civilized world. It stood on its own feet from the start. It was never at any time the toy for the socially bored or the passing whim of the ultra-cultured. Many in Los Angeles who read and study good plays for good plays' sake will hail with unmixed delight the newly organized Playgoers Society which is the direct result of the splendid work which has been done along literary dramatic lines by the group of young people to whom I have previously referred.

* * *

This society is founded for the purpose of presenting worthy dramas which seldom, if ever, find place under present stage conditions. From time to time the worthiest plays of leading American and European playwrights will be given as well as the serious work by local students of the craft. This week and next four plays are offered to introduce the new movement. These are "The Devil's Disciple," by Geo. Bernard Shaw, "The Importance of Being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde, "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," by Shaw, and "Don," by Rudolph Besier. In addition to these, two curtain raisers by local playwrights will be presented for the first time, viz.: "Pandora," by Antony Anderson and "Pietro," by Mrs. Ernest K. Foster. These plays are offered as a test of the public interest in the contemporary drama and are presented for the purpose of supplementing the dramatic opportunities offered at the regular theaters by the staging of dramas of genuine literary merit not offered upon the local professional stage.

* * *

By far the best challenge to the thought of the day is found in current drama, and our community should be able to enjoy these plays. Moreover, the dramatic talent of our young men and women should be given opportunity such as is possible only in truly strong drama. Only the playgoer and playlover will profit, and they only by their attendance. The support given by the public to this first series of performances will determine entirely the permanence of the Playgoers Society.

Were in the Spokane Wreck

Friends of Mrs. Pearl Powers of this city and of Miss Helen Plympton of Riverside have heard with sympathetic ears of the terrible experience they had on the Steamer Spokane, which was wrecked north of Vancouver two weeks ago. Aroused at midnight by the grinding of the vessel, the passengers were ordered to the boats, having barely time to wrap blankets about their shivering forms and in many instances clad only in thin nightdresses, the women were passed overboard into the rocking boats. This was the experience of Mrs. Powers and Miss Plympton, all their clothes, their jewelry and nearly all their money being left behind. Fortunately, Mrs. Powers had a small reserve fund, that was in a handbag she chanced to snatch up, and with this, when they reached Seattle, they were able to get a temporary outfit of clothing and procure passage to Los Angeles. They had planned a visit that included San Francisco, Del Monte and Santa Barbara in their itinerary, hence had an extra supply of clothing and jewelry in their trunks, all of which were lost. However, they were thankful to escape with their lives. Mrs. Powers is a daughter of Mrs. Frederick Fischer of 341 Andrews boulevard, who is also the aunt of Miss Plympton of Riverside.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE.

SINCE the recent shuffle in the police department there has been a distinct lull in municipal politics. Mayor McCarthy's coup apparently was well timed. The general indignation which arose when an efficient and law-discharging chief of police was upset for no good reason whatever seems to have subsided. It was only one of those ephemeral spasms of ravished righteousness in which the manufacturers and reflectors of public opinion like to indulge. It was, therefore, more sensational than sincere. And I doubt if five per cent of electors will bear in mind the Seymour-White incident and its meaning when they go to the polls. Besides, despite the rather frenzied efforts of the Bulletin to make its readers believe that a notorious dive keeper is in control of the police department, Chief White appears to be running things without palpable scandal. Of course, there is no doubt that the McCarthy coup was planned to placate the saloon and tenderloin vote, and White's business is to carry out this policy without provoking scandal, if he can. McCarthy relies on the strength of the labor unions and the traffickers in drink and vice to reelect him, and it is a combination which is yet to be beaten in San Francisco.

So long as there was any hope of dividing the labor union vote, there was a good chance to beat McCarthy with Rolph or any other promising citizen of fair standing. But the arrest of the McNamaras obliterated that hope. The labor union ranks almost immediately closed; the jarring elements were knit together. Overnight, Andy Gallagher buried his own mayoralty ambitions and the other anti-McCarthyites discarded their grievances. In a word, the Los Angeles affair completely changed the San Francisco political situation. And now neither the failure nor the indecency of the McCarthy administration will be of much account in the pending campaign. It is ordained to be one more trial of strength between organized labor and all others, and McCarthy, however much the majority of labor unionists may dislike the alliance, has made a successful bid for the support of every element in the community which wants a little more than the law allows or decency permits.

For the strongest possible candidate such a combination is almost impregnable, and nobody seems to think, with the altered conditions, James Rolph, Jr., can be so considered. Rolph's advisers are keeping him in the background as long as possible, but just as soon as he shows his head, the shout of Citizens' Alliance will be raised. Whether Rolph is a member of this body or not, which was founded to protect employers against being overwhelmed by the unions, has not yet appeared, but it is sufficient that as a member of a leading shipping firm, employing many hands, he cannot always have been amiably disposed to the preventers of the open shop. But evidence will be of little concern. Every labor union man in the city already believes that Rolph is only the stalking horse of those who would destroy the power of the unions and will vote accordingly. Hundreds of union men who did not vote for McCarthy at the last election are now working for him. And consider the tremendous strength of this organization when it is united. The Building Trades Council, of which McCarthy is dictator, has a membership of 45,000 and a capital of \$1,000,000; the Labor Council has another 15,000 members. Moreover, with the exception of the Seamen's union, which belongs to the latter organization, the majority of the unionists live and vote in San Francisco, while many of the open shop advocates live across the bay or in San Mateo county.

Six hours' session of the Exposition directors Monday once more ended in a blank report on the site question. Neither the Harbor View nor the Golden Gate park advocates showed any sign of relaxing their tenacity which, unless public patience were on the verge of exhaustion, might mean a prolonged deadlock. At this writing the feeling appears to be so bitter that neither side will yield and the only way of breaking the deadlock will be for the principal rivals to abandon the two sites and to reach a compromise by adopting the Lake Merced proposal. In certain respects this hitherto third choice will prove the best in the long run. It is calculated to build up San Francisco in the one direction in which expansion is most available. It may prove a factor in consummating the interminable negotiations between the city and the Spring Valley Water Company, and there is no question that the land, the lakes and part of the Suto forest, which the Merced proposition include, would provide splendid opportunities for the architects and landscape gardeners. But the main thing everybody

wants now is a decision and a start made in the great undertaking, which is certain to tax San Francisco's revenues to the uttermost and to compel her citizens to put their best foot forward—and in step. We are hoping that the balmy and peaceful air the directors will breathe on their jaunt to San Diego this week will soothe their ruffled nerves and tempers, some of which it is said, were sorely tried at yesterday's session. Moreover, they may learn a few things about making a start from the San Diegans.

Surely our morals or our artistic tastes are improving. Here is Florence Roberts playing "Sapho," and moving her audiences to smiles instead of the sobs with which she convulsed them ten years ago. And, apparently, it is so designed by the actress. "Sapho" as a serious drama is happily a back number and can only be presented to a San Francisco audience in 1911 as farce. The two Roberts, Florence and Theodore, the latter one of the best character actors of the day, conclude a successful six weeks' engagement this week, and that admirable young actor, Richard Bennett, begins a short star season with Fred Belasco's stock company next Monday. Henry Miller will revive the drooping spirits of theatergoers next week, starting a series of new plays.

Joseph Scott is always a welcome visitor here and he has the rare gift of enlivening the dullest proceeding. He was hailed as a hero last week by the hosts of the N. E. A., for his gallantry and eloquence in advocating higher pay for teachers. "It was Joseph Scott," we read next morning, "with a breezy address, considerable slang and some facts, who won the enthusiastic applause, etc., etc." The intrepid Joseph! Actually venturing to impose slang even upon the ears of austere and precious New England school ma'ams.

R. H. C.

San Francisco, July 18, 1911.

PHYSICAL FORCE AND SUFFRAGE

(From the Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin)

SAMUEL Travers Clover, once of Chicago, for many years past the editor and proprietor of the Los Angeles Graphic, has no patience with the character of the opposition to woman suffrage in California. Speaking generally, he observes that "curious reasons, often illogical and seldom forcible, denote the trend of the antis in the campaign now being waged in California to defeat the constitutional amendment extending the suffrage to women." Speaking particularly, he objects to the line of argument adopted by one of the antis who was formerly a defender of popular rights, George S. Patton of San Gabriel, who in a recent address before the Ministerial Union laid down doctrine which, Mr. Clover declares is "so extraordinary that it ought to be quoted literally." Mr. Patton said:

All the systems of government that are permanent are based on the law of physical force. Women while they might pass laws, are not constitutionally fitted to enforce them. This making of laws by a class that has not the power to enforce them would result in a contempt for the laws, both on the part of men and women.

Here is part of Mr. Clover's comment:

This is a queer reasoning. Carried to its logical conclusion, the prize fighter, the professional pugilist, is of more value to the state than the most intellectual woman, since he not only is able to pass a law by his vote in the legislature, but is so admirably qualified to enforce it afterward. Mr. Patton, then, would deprive the state of woman's counsel, except, of course, as she gave it indirectly through the fighting individual, who might or might not share her conviction and enthusiasm. Truly, an extraordinary point of view for a rational being to take.

With Mr. Clover and his Graphic championing their cause the California suffragists can well afford to have Mr. Patton in opposition. The old foggy physical force argument was framed in the era before young women took to athletics and young men took to smoking cigarettes. In certain states an educational test is required of voters. If a physical force test were established many women would be able to win their way to the polls and not a few men would be excluded. The fact, is however, and it is generally recognized now, that the muscular prowess of individuals has no relevancy to qualifications for participation in politics. At the present moment the championship belt in the world of physical force is worn by Jack Johnson. Mr. Patton of San Gabriel is a Democrat, but his favorite candidate for the Presidency is more likely to be Woodrow Wilson than Jack Johnson, though Jack Johnson could "make mince meat" of Woodrow Wilson, with one hand strapped behind his back.

MANTELL IN SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYS

IN Shakespearean repertoire a Mantell first night is interesting, not merely because of Mantell's conscientious characterizations, but by way of comparison with other first nights on Broadway. There is always an audience for Shakespeare in New York, but it is an audience of entirely different personnel from any other. This is particularly noticeable with Mantell, with Greet, and even with Sothorn and Marlowe, though the last-named actors have a clientele of their own that goes to see the stars rather than the play they choose to present. The Shakespearean audience lacks frivolity. It has a sober, staid air and it is bent not on enjoyment alone, but on the settled purpose worthily to improve its mind. It has, therefore, a consciously virtuous air. It is occasionally said that an excursion into Shakespearean plays spells managerial loss; if that is true the fault does not lie with Shakespeare, for stars who have identified themselves with his plays make good financially and in New York, at least, the audience is forthcoming. I have often looked such audiences over and wondered where they keep themselves at other times, for as a class they do not usually frequent the theater in sufficient numbers to color the house perceptibly, but when a Shakespearean play is announced out they come as the faithful at the call of the prophet.

Shakespeare lovers owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Mantell for he has done much to keep the great bard's plays alive in the minds of the present generation. He stuck to his metier faithfully and while his performances can never be called inspired, he presents the plays with a lofty appreciation of their beauty and a conscientious merging of his own personality into the great poet's conception. He opened his season this year with "King Lear." It is the play and character best fitted to Mr. Mantell's personality and ability, and it would seem the part he most enjoys playing. In recent years he has presented it frequently in New York and ever with deeper insight. He has evidently given the role careful study, for he has constantly developed and broadened his conception of it. His recent performance of it is scarcely to be compared with that of his first, so greatly has he improved it, so much has he broadened his interpretation in color, in variety and in subtlety of expression. His company this year is fairly well-balanced; several of the players, however, acquired neither the mellowness of voice nor the appreciation of rhythm necessary to the reading of blank verse; failing, too, in intellectual appreciation of the lines, they obscure the meaning while they offend the ear with false values. Marie Booth Russell has advanced with her husband. She plays Goneril with much understanding. She is a handsome woman, and her size and personality make her exceedingly striking as the grasping, hard-hearted daughter.

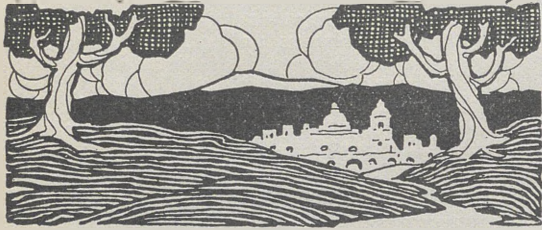
Of the men Fritz Lieber is most attractive, though he too needs to study diction and the delivery of blank verse. It is a pity that so many of the younger generation of actors should discount the voice and its possibilities of expression, especially if they intend playing Shakespeare, for with no other writer do deficiencies of ear and of technical vocal training show themselves so mercilessly. Mantell himself reads appreciatively and his diction is good. It is at times maddening however, to have him fail to rise to the majestic height of words he is saying. Scenically, he sets his plays well. The scene on the heath where Lear's madness reaches its culmination is very well done with effective, realistic thunder and lightning. The passage of clouds across the sky, however, becomes monotonous, and interferes somewhat with the dignity of the scene. It often happens that in seeking realistic effects stage managers forget that a scene is a background for dramatic action and do not realize that in too closely representing details they belittle the action.

As the dress of a person should ever be subordinate to his personality so the dress of a scene should be subordinate to its dramatic feeling. If the eye is attracted by something extraneous, it is at the expense of the action; for, when the mind is diverted in that degree is the effect of the action weakened. Especially is this true if motion is introduced. The eye must follow a moving object; physiologically, it is so constituted that it cannot help it, motion and the brain should receive its impression before the action begins. The movement may then be stopped. The mind will unconsciously carry it on. The effect will be gained and the action will be intensified.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, July 17, 1911.

By the Way



Echo of the Coronation

I was at Redondo Beach last Saturday enjoying the courtesies of the Tennis Club and found the habitués bearing odd titles that echo of the recent coronation ceremonies. Thus, Avery McCarthy is known at the "Duke of Van Ness," and Rob Rowan as the "Earl of Windsor Square," each in recognition of the fine residential tracts in the Wilshire boulevard district. Walter Leeds has become the "Baron," because of his portliness, I suppose. Leo Chandler has the plain American title of "Colonel," and Joe Ball is hailed as the "Count of Monte Cristo," a tribute to his Arizona gold mines of fabulous riches.

Rob Rowan's Windsor Square

Writing of Rob. Rowan's playful title the "Earl of Windsor Square," reminds me that Windsor Square is really a great property and destined to prove the finest single residential tract in Los Angeles. It contains about 200 acres and was bought by the Earl and his associates for a big sum, a million dollars I have heard. It extends from Wilshire boulevard to Second street and is most advantageously located on the crown of a wide ridge running north and south, affording a commanding view of mountains, valley and a distant silvery shimmer of sea. The engineering and landscape plans for the tract are on a grand scale. Four north and south boulevards, each eighty feet wide and a mile long will traverse the tract. There are to be restrictions sufficient for the most exacting, but not too stringent for those of good taste and more moderate means. A corps of engineers is now at work making careful surveys of the ground for the purpose of giving the most perfect line of street improvements, grading and roadways yet devised. All of the water, gas, sewer and other utility connections are to be in place, running to each lot, in advance of the demand, so as to avoid the tearing up of the streets and disturbing walks, curbs or shrubbery at a later date. I understand that many fine homesites already are bespoke, insuring the erection of numerous handsome houses on the tract. My only objection to it is its distance from Mt. Washington, the really ideal residence spot in and about Los Angeles.

Lewis Stone Not to Blame

Last week, in the dramatic criticism of "A Woman's Way," the three-act comedy by Thompson Buchanan, given at the Belasco, I lodged a protest against the interlarding of so many "hells" and "damns" by Lewis Stone, in the character of Howard Stanton. Since writing the above, I have been privileged to look over the manuscript part assigned to Mr. Stone in the role of Stanton, and find that instead of interpolating expletives, the Belasco leading man has omitted at least two-thirds of the vulgarities of expression placed in Stanton's mouth by the author. I am glad to make this amende honorable, for, having a high regard for Mr. Stone and his always excellent work, it was disappointing to find, as I supposed, this lapse in good taste. I only regret that he did not eliminate more of the author's banalities. The stage manager should have detected the false notes and ruthlessly cut them out.

Arizona's Fine Product

Gov. Richard E. Sloan of Arizona, who is to address the City Club Saturday on "The Commercial Relations of Arizona and California," is a fine product of the neighboring soon-to-be new state. The governor has been a resident of the territory for nearly thirty years and as judge and executive he knows Arizona intimately. He was a guest of the California Club this week, with Paul Burks of Prescott, the governor's home city, both on their way to San Diego to participate in the dedicatory exercises of the exposition. Paul is looking for Louis Vetter. He says Louis started a street song down there which all San Diego was repeating before midnight. It ran like this: "Well, well, well! San Diego grows like, well, well, well!" Men, women and children took up the refrain, declares Paul, and even in the lobby of the U. S. Grant hotel the ridiculous cry

was drilled into one's ears until early morning hours. I shall strive to keep Paul and Louis apart.

As to Coming Festivities

With the big Shrine meeting scheduled for next May it will be necessary for those in charge of entertainment arrangements at once to devise ways and means for the fiesta and flower parades that are to be the big feature of the coming celebration. There is a feeling among scores of business men who are to be called upon to foot the bills, that the proposed water carnival intended to signalize the completion of the Owens River aqueduct, should be postponed indefinitely. It would prove costly and it is the business community that always has to foot the bills. The Shrine meeting will necessitate the expenditure of close to \$100,000, and a water carnival, or similar celebration, will need at least as much more, if the show is to be worth while. Rather than have both affairs follow each other, as has been proposed, it is suggested that the aqueduct hurrahing be deferred until about 1914, the year prior to the San Francisco fair, at which time the festival would assume national proportions, with the completion of the proposed harbor railroad and its attendant enterprises. In fact, it is urged that were the Owens River celebration delayed until 1915, by which time the power plants might be in readiness, we could offer Pacific Coast visitors a novel affair. Whatever is done, however, is certain to have the official sanction of the commercial bodies of the city, and it is felt that no definite steps should be taken until these organizations have been consulted.

Property Right in License.

Before the police commission assumes to take away the license of a certain brewery operated from a resort on Broadway near Second street, the municipal authorities should investigate the manner of its issuance. I am of the opinion that the license is owned in fee, as a franchise, by the brewery interests, that acquired it a few years ago, when the privilege was disposed of to the highest bidder at public auction for cash. I have heard lawyers who know the facts declare that in no circumstances can the city cancel the license, as it is the property in perpetuity of private persons, who, having paid for it, own it, as they would own public lands patented to them by the government. The license brought, if I am not mistaken, \$10,000. If it is property, as is claimed, of course that was a low price. That such a prize will not be yielded without a bitter contest is certain. It is the only privilege of the kind granted.

Ambassador Dudley Seriously Ill.

Los Angelans have heard with regret of the serious illness of Judge Irving B. Dudley, American ambassador to Brazil. Judge Dudley, prior to entering the diplomatic service, was on the police bench in San Diego. He was named as minister to Peru several years ago, and gradually won promotion in his new profession, until he was given the first class mission to the most important country in South America. In Brazil, the American representative alone is of ambassadorial rank. It is reported here that as Judge Dudley's illness is serious and he is anxious to be relieved, a tender of his place has been made to U. S. Grant, of San Diego, who is said to have its acceptance under advisement. The position pays \$17,500 a year, I believe.

Assay Office in Balance.

Los Angeles has been asked by Washington authorities if the city is still desirous of having an assay office established within her borders. A bill for the purpose passed through one house at the regular session of congress, but failed to receive final legislative action. The commercial organizations of the northwest are trying hard to have a second Pacific Coast mint located in Seattle, such a government bureau for years having operated in San Francisco. For a time there was also a mint in Carson City, Nevada. The latter however, has been out of commission for several years. Should Los Angeles decide to relinquish the proposed assay office the congressional delegation from California will be asked to assist in furthering the Seattle ambition.

Discounting Political Yarns.

As usual, at this stage of municipal politics, scores of stories are afloat concerning the coming mayoralty contest. For instance, it was reported this week, that Mayor Alexander and E. T. Earl had quarreled, and that the Express and the Tribune would oppose Uncle George's campaign. I have my doubts. No matter what they may think of each other, personally, the newspaper owner and the mayor, outwardly, are as friendly as ever, and the latter, I am certain, will have the

usual enthusiastic support of Publisher Earl in the coming political fray. It is reported with considerable detail that when General Otis heard of the purported Alexander-Earl break he sent trusty emissaries to the mayor with exceptionally cordial greetings, and overtures for a hard-and-fast alliance between the mayor and The Times, if the former were willing to do business. The mayor is alleged to have sparred for a delay until he had taken the situation under advisement. He soon learned that Mr. Earl still remained the real champion of the city administration, hence the Otis overtures were rejected. This would seem to dispose of the yarn that Earl's support would be found with the Gregory campaign in the pending struggle. The fact that leaders of an important Democratic faction that been enlisted under the Mushet banner for mayoralty supremacy is viewed from many angles by various experts in politics. It is thought that with Joseph H. Call, Joseph Simons, Thos. L. Winder, and others of the reform wing in the local democracy arrayed against Mayor Alexander, may make it far more difficult for the latter to gain support in that direction than was the case two years ago. This year, the Mushet campaign will have enrolled behind it possibly fifty per cent of the Democratic reformers, with the other faction just as solidly opposed to the present city administration. Alexander's followers are saying that while Messrs. Call, Simons, Winder and their adherents constitute an important factor in the community, what the mayor will lose in that quarter he will more than gain among Republicans. But I have my doubts.

Frank Patterson's Edifying Letters

Frank Patterson's letters to The Graphic from Germany should prove good reading to every lover of music, since his point of view is that of a sound critic, having a keen sympathy for the humanities. Mr. Patterson's entertaining notes in the symphony programs were no unimportant feature of the concerts, and just as he was able to interest his many readers in that direction, so will his letters to The Graphic equally instruct and edify.

Noted Correspondent Coming

Samuel G. Blythe, who never hesitates to say a good word for Southern California in the Saturday Evening Post, when he can consistently use the columns of that publication for that purpose, will be here in September. He writes to friends that he is roughing it in the Yellowstone and that he will not return east without a visit to Los Angeles. When he was here a year ago he had so enjoyable a time that he is anxious to repeat the experience. He will be the guest of former Senator Frank P. Flint during his stay, which reminds one that the latter is planning to entertain several thousand nobles of the Mystic Shrine at the annual gathering here next May. He proposes having a Spanish barbecue at that time on his La Canyada ranch, where he will dine an army of visitors in the old grandee fashion.

Would Be Taft's Agent

Robert Watchorn is said to have solicited the honor of becoming President Taft's general agent in Southern California, and his claims are at this time being investigated by the President and his principal advisers. Mr. Watchorn is treasurer of the Union Oil Company, and a Los Angeles pioneer of 1909. Before coming here he was for several years commissioner of immigration at the port of New York. He is said to owe his Union Oil Company affiliation to the friendship of certain powerful New York financial interests. According to a private letter from the national capital that reached Los Angeles this week, when Mr. Watchorn made a recent call at the White House, he saw Secretary Hillis, to whom he unfolded his plans for making the Taft strength in and about Los Angeles more than the negligible quantity it is at this time. The President's secretary is said to have listened to Mr. Watchorn with considerable interest, and the latter was advised that he might hear from the White House later. While my informant has not said so absolutely, I am inclined to the opinion that the Union Oil Company's treasurer has in view an effort to eliminate the present anti-Taft feeling in a certain newspaper quarter, which Mr. Watchorn professes to be convinced can be done if the President will bestow on the dual newspaper owner here patronage and other political concessions. As the terms of the alliance will mean the repudiation of the Times, which has been a staunch Taft supporter, it is extremely doubtful if Mr. Watchorn will receive a favorable response. Meanwhile, it is generally admitted among local friends of President Taft that unless his forces are at once organized in Southern California this end of the state will be lost to him, so far as next

year's national campaign is concerned. It is evident that the Republican state organization will be strongly anti-Taft and probably for Senator La Follette, despite recent letters that have gone forward from Los Angeles and from San Francisco advising the President that California will be for his renomination unquestionably.

Progressive Step at San Quentin

Warden J. E. Hoyle of San Quentin, who is in the city this week, has determined to abolish the lockstep and striped clothing among the prisoners in his charge. He plans to clothe the inmates in gray uniforms upon arrival and, depending on good conduct, they will be promoted to dark blue clothes, carrying many privileges, or in default will be relegated to the despised striped suits. This method of dealing with prisoners has proved effective in several eastern prisons and Warden Hoyle sees no reason why it should not be equally satisfactory in results in California. He favors the paroling of convicts, although with discrimination. While in Los Angeles Warden Hoyle remarked privately, in response to an inquiry, that Abraham Ruef ranks among his best prisoners, and although he is still a worker in the San Quentin jute mill he has never complained of any part of his punishment. The warden and the late San Francisco boss were friends long before the latter became a charge upon the state.

Plan to Acquire Lower California

That there is to be an organization perfected, the object of which shall be the acquisition by the United States of the Lower California peninsula, is a story that finds persistent local circulation. The details, so far as they have progressed, contemplate the taking over of the territory by the Washington authorities for a cash consideration, paid to the government of Mexico. It is said that General Madero, soon to be the president of Mexico, is not averse to the project. It is proposed to have one of the California senators introduce in congress the legislation that may be necessary, having the national administration assist with the weight of its influence. An even million dollars is to be offered Mexico for the transfer of the peninsula, and in order to placate Mexican public opinion it is proposed to leave the matter to a plebiscite of the people. Dick Ferris may not have been far wrong after all.

Barney To Try Again

Barney Healy is the first of the former old guard to announce himself an active aspirant for another term in the city council. The ex-member from the Eighth ward believes he can muster sufficient strength to emerge winner in the coming primary. Twice before he was successful in the first stage of the battle, later falling outside the breastworks. Healy says this will be his last attempt in case he fails. He seems sanguine of success.

Has Mr. Huntington's Approval

"P-A-Y-E" cars are installed on more than half of the lines of the Los Angeles Railway Company, and by the end of the year every feeder inside the city limits will be so equipped. The railway company's principal officials assert that with the new system of collecting fares their receipts have increased more than twenty per cent. This is not because of any dishonesty of employees, but rather because of the large numbers of passengers formerly overlooked, or who, in short hauls, levanted before the conductor could get their nickels. Henry E. Huntington, who returned to the city this week says the Pay As You Enter cars are among the greatest innovations of surface railroading. That Mr. Huntington is to move the southern business boundary of the city three blocks from its present moorings again proves that the head of the Los Angeles Railway Company has the courage of his convictions. The Graphic was the first to declare his building intentions several months ago and now he confirms my prediction that he will erect a ten-story business block on the old Childs property at Tenth and Main. He will return to New York in a month and the structure is to be rushed in his absence.

Golf Playing Extraordinary

Out at the Los Angeles County Club Isaac Milbank's phenomenal golf playing, considering that he has only recently returned to the links, after twenty years' absence, is the marvel of the members. He made the course in 69 the other day, which so excited the wonder of Dr. John R. Haines that a small wager was made by him, and accepted by Mr. Milbank, that the score could not be tied at a subsequent game. Monday afternoon, in the presence of a referee and a veracious caddy, the effort to beat his previous

record was attempted by Mr. Milbank. He drove many clean strokes, but was thirty yards away from the last hole, with only one stroke left to come inside his own bogey. Did he fail? He did not! I have seen two affidavits asserting that he rolled the ball over the intervening ninety feet, plumb into the hole, a feat seldom, if ever, equalled on that or any other golf course in the country, and with great glee the "Palisades wonder child," as he has been dubbed, collected his four dollars from the chagrined doctor.

Wherein Adapted Plays Offend

I was chatting with the erudite Prof. J. M. Dixon, of the University of Southern California, the other day on dramatic values, when he remarked: "French comedies are never Puritan, and most of them when adapted for our stage have to be carefully revised. It is well-known that we have still to look to Paris for the best type of real comedy of manners, the skillful diagnosis in a playful way of social follies, frailties and moral conventions. This revision, however, even if drastically carried out in all matters of detail, may leave untouched inherent violations of our strict code of morality; as, for instance, the whole character and behavior of the heroine of the 'Blue Mouse,' the furniture of whose apartments is put up for sale. The situation, supposed to be so farcical, remains an offense. A similar objection may be made to Bernstein's powerful play 'The Thief,' now running at the Burbank. It is evident to the audience that Harry Mestayer does not like his role of young man in love with a married woman. For is he not essentially asked to act like a street masher, one who unwarrantably forces his attentions on a decent woman? And is not such conduct, in the house of a friend, and toward the friend's wife, considered by us worse than petty thieving? The French father of the 'Thief' has not this code, evidently, and the appeal of the play is in great measure spoiled by the discrepancy. Mestayer dislikes the character and does not play it well; and he can plead good reasons."

Nat Myrick, Jr.'s Fish Story

This is a fish story, but not of the regular kind. Nat Myrick has a junior Nat who has sad table manners, despite his mamma's assiduous efforts, and his father's despairing iterations. The five-year-old has a "forgetter" which knows not the word "please" nor the gracious "thank you" of polite society. At table recently, when the fish course appeared, young Nat was asked if he would have a serving. "No!" he exploded. Stern look from father, pained look from mother. "Nat!" thundered his sire, admonishingly, "be careful." Said his fond mamma, "No, what, Nat, dear?" "No fish," was the sharp, short, terse and triumphant reply. Curtain.

Successful John Barrett

John Barrett, director of the Bureau of American Republics, who came west for the purpose of representing the government at the opening exercises of the San Diego exposition, was a Portland, Ore., newspaper man for years. He was city editor of the Telegram when the late President Grover Cleveland appointed him minister to Siam. In the diplomatic service he achieved a brilliant success. He is still in the forties and appears to have a life position in the government employ. Mr. Barrett bolted the first Bryan nomination and has been a Republican ever since. He has many friends in Los Angeles.

Senator Aldrich May Visit Us

It will not surprise me if Senator Aldrich, head of the national monetary commission, acquiesces in an invitation to deliver an address under the auspices of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce in the near future. The senator would like to come to the Pacific Coast and to Southern California. He is only waiting to be urged to make the trip. I happen to know that such an invitation left Los Angeles for Washington a few days ago.

Hobart Bosworth's Varied Career

In the current number of Harrison Gray Fiske's Dramatic Mirror, I find a brief but appreciative sketch of Hobart Bosworth, one of the leading men and directors for the Selig Company, whose remarkable versatility is a constant surprise to his admiring friends. "Mr. Bosworth," says the Mirror, "has had a varied career. Born in Marietta, Ohio, he ran away to sea, boxed and wrestled in Lower California, made his first appearance on the stage with McKee Rankin, was in Augustin Daly's stock for ten years, was leading man for Julia Marlowe, Amelia Bingham and Henrietta Crosman, played in stock in St. Louis and Cincinnati, and was featured by Mrs. Fiske in her initial production of 'Marta of the Lowlands,' remaining in her company as leading man

until he broke down in health and lived two years in Arizona. He joined the Selig Company in 1910, being attracted by the fascination of the work and realizing the benefit the outdoor life must be to his health. Mr. Bosworth's work as actor and producer has a peculiar charm frequently praised by Mirror readers." As I stated last week Louis Vetter entertained Hobart in the Yosemite where he is in the field preparing moving picture films. Soon after he returns to Los Angeles he plans to carry his company to Mexico for more pictures.

Bank Mergers Will Wait

Rumored bank mergers which have occupied the columns of several of the daily papers this week, were first hinted at in The Graphic several months ago. I doubt, however, if there have been any plans thoroughly matured as yet. Also, I am convinced there will be nothing really accomplished until toward the end of the year.

Founder of Berkeley Square Dies

Major W. R. Burke's unexpected death at Rochester, Minn., this week, the result of a capital operation, takes away a representative citizen, who has been one of the factors in the up-building of Los Angeles. His beautiful Berkeley Square, in the southwest part of town, is one of the ideal residence spots of the city and a monument to the major's faith in her ultimate destiny. If I am not mistaken he had the courage to buy the acreage more than a score of years ago, when money was tight and the outlook for expansion of any kind in Los Angeles was dubious. I believe he paid \$300 an acre for the property and obligated himself for a good share of the purchase price. Time and his own energies gave him handsome returns on his investment. Many of the most attractive houses in Southern California, architecturally considered, adorn the square, where the land now commands \$125 a front foot. The major was a progressive Democrat in politics, a native of Arkansas and in his younger days a newspaper writer. Last year he went abroad to gain the benefit of the Germans spas, following the death of his wife. Two weeks ago he placed himself under the care of the Drs. Mayo, who performed an operation, from the effects of which he failed to recover. His son, Carlton, and daughter, Louise, were with him when the summons came. He will be missed from the philosophers' table at the club, at which he was a regular attendant when in the city.

Imitators Need to be Investigated

I am wondering how long these effervescent imitators of the Los Angeles Investment Company's success will be permitted to continue their raids on a gullible public by their flamboyant promises to pay dividends. I find one such concern "guaranteeing" eight per cent interest on its shares, but what is behind the guarantee should be the business of the state building and loan inspector to ascertain. There will be a severe slump in several of these super-liberal associations before long and many innocent persons will suffer by reason of over-confidence if the state officials continue to neglect their duty.

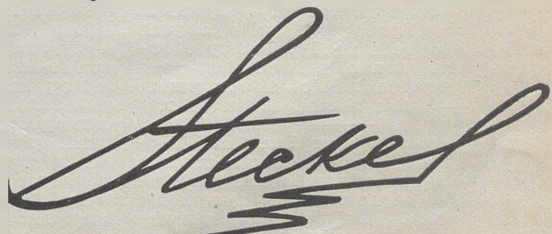
Pasadena Calls Dr. Moore

Los Angeles will be more than pleased to learn that Prof. E. C. Moore is to return to Southern California as head of the educational system of Pasadena. It is reported that Dr. Moore and his talented wife yearn for the delights of this climate, for which the pleasant associations at Yale do not fully compensate. The board of education of Pasadena is said to have tendered to Dr. Moore the superintendency of the city schools at a salary of \$5,000 a year, and I hear he has the offer under advisement. That he will receive a cordial welcome in the event of his return is certain.

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Music

By Blanche Rogers Lott

At the recent piano recital of Thilo Becker's students the work of the pupils, without exception, was characterized by smoothness of tone, pure, true intonation and freedom of execution. The program was as follows, Mrs. Becker, Mr. Becker, and Paloma Schramm accompanying:

Little Symphony for two violins and piano (Dancs), Purcell Mayer and Mrs. Thilo Becker; Largo (Handel), Florence Thompson; Sonata (Sitt), Carolyn Le Fevre; Cavatina (Raff), Purcell Mayer; Albumblatt (Sitt), Berceuse, (Grieg), Florence Georgia Taylor; Sonata in G minor for two violins and piano (Handel), Rachel Fuiks and Mrs. Becker; Sonata in A major (Handel), Audrey St. Clair Creighton; Ave Maria (Bach-Gounod), Blanche Davenport; Concerto in D minor (first movement) (Max Bruch), Dorothy Armstrong; Cantabile (Cui), Rachel Fuiks; Concerto for two violins (second movement) (Bach), Audrey St. Clair Creighton and Mrs. Becker.

Miss Mary L. O'Donoghue, the pianist and teacher, who has been in Berlin studying with the great Lhevinne, reached New York the first of this week and will resume her work in Los Angeles upon her arrival, within a day or so. Miss O'Donoghue remained five weeks in London before sailing for America.

Miss Elizabeth Carrick is passing the summer in Scotland, her former home, and will return to her vocal class in the autumn.

Mrs. Marriner-Campbell, a leading vocal teacher and musician of San Francisco, has been resting in Los Angeles for a week past.

Mr. and Mrs. Thilo Becker left for New York Wednesday and will sail from that city July 27 for Liverpool. After remaining for a time in London they will visit Leipzig and Munich, Mrs. Becker's mother joining them in the former city. Mrs. Paloma Schramm is in charge of Mr. Becker's studio in his absence.

The foreign correspondents of the musical journals are authority for the news that Marcella Craft, the Munich opera singer, has decided to pass her vacation in Redlands, her former home. If this is true Los Angeles should be given an opportunity to hear this well known singer before she returns to her operatic work in Europe.

Mr. Charles Farwell Edson has returned from an extended eastern trip and is now at his studio on West Twentieth street.

The Pittsburg Male Chorus announces another choral competition, a musical setting for male voices of Bayard Taylor's poem "Song of the Camp" is required. H. C. Sherrard of Pittsburg is receiving the manuscripts and the time limit is Sept. 15. The competition which captured last year's prize is now published by Schirmer. It is "O Captain, My Captain," by Henry Holden Huss and should be given a hearing here by the Ellis Club.

Mr. Waldo F. Chase is enjoying the summer in his new home at Hermosa Beach.

In a lecture before a leading club of women a few weeks ago, Mr. W. L. Hubbard suggested that if everyone in Los Angeles gave five cents a year there would be a fund of thirty thousand dollars, annually, for a first-class band to provide music in our parks, especially at this season of the year.

In Moscow the other day, three hundred musicians competed for admission to a newly-formed orchestra, the first one to be organized for symphonic playing there. Only seventy players from this number were selected. Kussewitzky, the great double bass virtuoso is the conductor. Musical Courier comments: Kussewitzky, as usual, has shown himself on this occasion to be broadminded and practical, for his players are to receive liberal salaries

suitable to the conditions of life in Moscow and a pension fund is to be started for the men. As soon as the receipts of the concerts exceed the expenses, the profit is to go to the members of the orchestra.

No artist the coming season will be more welcome than Harold Bauer. The London Daily News recently said of him, "This pianist's transcendent merits are so well known that it is hardly necessary to criticize him anew. He never descends to sensationalism, and his playing is a constant pleasure to those who admire a legitimate use of the instrument. The playing was wonderful in its clearness, decision, and unflinching strength."

The Russian-American Art League, an association for the encouragement of Russian national artistry in the New World, is rightfully calling the attention of the public to the spurious form of Russian dancing which is prevailing in certain cities. The names of Pavlova, Mordkin, the Balalaika orchestra and Metropolitan singers like Lypkowska, Janpolski and Smirnoff have caused Russian art to stand in an exalted position in the art world today and no one wants to see counterfeits of any kind using the names to which they are not entitled.

Recently an unique tribute to a living music teacher was paid in Vienna when a Leschetizky monument was erected there, bearing the relief portrait of the master, framed by laurel wreaths and a lyre. City officials and many Leschetizky pupils were present at the dedication ceremonies, and eulogistic speeches were made and received enthusiastically by the listeners.

Frank Patterson on His Travels

Seven restful days on the Atlantic and two glorious days on the Channel brought us to Hamburg. These German steamers are pleasant traveling. After the invariable German custom, they have a band made up entirely of stewards. On this particular steamer the leader of the band was not a steward, but a regular musician, with no other occupation on the boat but to attend to the music. For this I imagine that his sole compensation was the voluntary contributions of the passengers. Toward the end of the voyage a paper was passed around "for the music," and I, for one, gave freely, for their music was amusing if not interesting. There were but nine instruments—trumpets, altos, baritones and tuba—the leader played a slide trombone. Considering the small number of instruments and the fact that none of them except the leader was a professional musician, it was really remarkable what good music they made.

Judging from my experience with American bands, I should say that such a thing would be, in America, impossible. They played queer sorts of music, mostly unfamiliar, and largely made up of potpourris of German folk-songs, which seemed to please the German passengers, of whom there were a good many, greatly, but they played with much precision and good intonation. In the evening the band was transformed into an orchestra, the leader playing violin, the tuba sawing away, rather out of tune, on the double-bass, and the other instruments taking second violin, viola, clarinet and flute, only the two trumpets retaining the same instruments as in the band. The music of the orchestra was not so good as that of the band, but it was even more amusing, for the first trumpet player, as broad as he was long, and gifted with an endless fund of humor and an ineffaceable smile, sang comic songs, in German, of course, and frequently in dialect, full of fun and very entertaining—for those who understood it! It was amusing to watch those who did not understand German, or were, at least, unable to fol-

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low the dialect, trying to laugh at the right time—(like Bernhardt or Duse audiences in America).

We had one passenger of note on board, Herr Eller, for many years a member and now a pensioner of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. For thirty-seven years he sat in the same chair, playing first oboe and English horn. He is an interesting man with a fund of anecdotes and memories of New York's musical past. He had played for years in the Metropolitan Opera and was an intimate friend of Anton Seidl. He was accompanied by his wife and his dachshund. The dog's name was Anton! Herr Eller was a most serious musician and made himself unpopular on the boat by insisting upon silence during the music. I do not say that he was wrong, even though the music was not of the highest order, and considering the ceaseless chatter that was kept up throughout the concerts (and the principal offenders were not Americans, but Germans) I was led to wonder if the German's love for music was really so great as is represented.

We have the Germans constantly held up before us as model music lovers and patrons of the fine arts, and every year hundreds of Americans flock to Europe for the music festivals and so forth, and come home with glowing accounts of the many open-air concerts that are a feature of Germany and a delight to the traveling American. He comes home and chides us with scorn and ridicule, and tells us that we are unmusical and have no love for the arts—an old song, we have all heard it repeated da capo, ad infinitum. At first, it sounds reasonable. The Germans certainly have these things and we do not. But the German goes out every evening to drink beer, whether there is music or not. Naturally, he welcomes the addition of music, since it costs nothing or at least very little. But I do not notice that any great attention is paid, either by the men or the women, to the music, except when they play a familiar song. Then everybody sings, many sing out of tune, some try to improvise alto or tenor or bass, or perhaps recall a memory of past experience with a singing society, and the parts do not always fit. It is amusing, for the highly sensitive and nervous musical temperament it must be, at times, more than painful, and it certainly does not inspire confidence in the legendary musicianship of the race as a whole.

The trip up the Channel was full of beauty and interest. We came in sight of the English coast early one warm June morning. The ocean was so wonderfully quiet, and the wind so still, that it was almost impossible to believe that we were not sailing across the bosom of an inland lake. The sky is blue, the water a pale, translucent green. Whole fleets of fisher boats, yaws of a single size and pattern, lie between us and the shore, their red

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sails hanging loose in the still air and slowly swinging from side to side with the gentle swell.

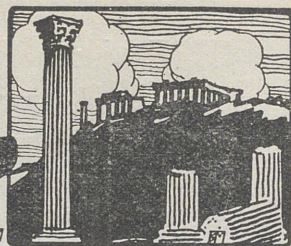
There were English people on board, and it was not without interest to observe the difference between the way in which they greeted their native land and the way the Germans hailed theirs at their first sight of it the following day. The English people were evidently much moved, but they were absolutely silent. They shed no tears and gave vent to no expressions of joy. It was only by their unwonted silence and a certain lengthening of their faces that one could see that they were moved at all. The Germans, on the contrary, laughed and cried together, and chattered away, noisily telling each other all that they felt and thought, first hugging one another indiscriminately, men and women alike, with the utmost promiscuous confusion, and then coming almost to blows over the respective merits of their mother country and their adopted country.

I thought to myself that, although it may not be dignified to "wear your heart on your sleeve" in the sense of making all your emotions public, yet it must certainly lead to facility and ease in art production. To these people who express all their feelings in real life it must be easy to express them in a work of art. We wonder at the verbosity of the German dramatist—surely we have no less cause for wonder at the verbosity of the German in ordinary daily life. We cease to wonder that the Englishman, with his habitual silence and self-suppression, has never produced any great works in the purely emotional arts, and we welcome into our American blood the admixture of European emotionalism. (Was it not Shaw who said that even Shakespeare must have been an Irishman?)

FRANK PATTERSON.
Hamburg, Germany, July 5.



Art



EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK
William Swift Danfelli—Steckel Gallery.

By Everett C. Maxwell

It has been truly stated by more than one great philosopher that "man's most interesting study is man," and for the benefit of those among us who wish to obtain the best possible vantage point from which to follow up their investigations into the mental workings of the human animal, let me suggest an art gallery—any first-class art gallery in any large city. Here the cosmopolitanism of the community may be observed en masse, and it is rare sport for the student of human nature to pass a few hours occasionally in a secluded corner of a gallery just to see and hear the people about him. There is always the woman who "doesn't know a thing about art, but knows what she likes." Immediately, she tells the artist which is his best canvas and how he would profit in his subject matter if he could only "go to such-and-such a place to sketch." Then we have, like the poor, always with us, the young woman who has soul. She has read art journals and can use terms. We must not overlook the modest person who is really shocked by "the nude in art," and those who would be if it were not such an old-fashioned idea. Men, as a rule, set their teeth hard on entering an art gallery, for they know that in all such matters silence is golden. Few men ever venture upon such thin ice as discussions upon art topics. It is the club women who speak right out boldly. They are usually well fortified with names and dates and know that Whistler had some sort of influence upon modern art.

For the last fortnight the Blanchard gallery has presented the most varied scenes of art activities seen in Los Angeles for many a day. The event which has called them forth is the Curtis exhibition and sale of the remaining group of the art collection made by the noted Col. Isaac Trumbo. When it became known that thirty-five canvases by representative men of the Barbizon school were in our midst and that the catalogue included such names as Corot, Diaz, Daubigny, Millet, Jacque, Meissonier, and Bonheur, the storm broke. Everybody went to see them. Many who "knew all about art" declared them bogus. That was easy. Others who knew all about art said they were wonderful and genuine. That also was easy. Now, where does the poor layman find light for his dark path? He must do as others of us did who care little for famous names and a great deal for a truthful and beautiful picture—accept those which appeal to his finer feelings and reject those which have no message for him and forget that Corot's name is worth more than Tom Hill's, and if "In Forest Glade" has a special message for him, which he fails to find in the Diaz, the Jacque, or the Millet, I say take it for all it is worth, and don't let your neighbor laugh it to scorn. Perhaps one day you will grow to the others, but don't use hothouse methods. Let it be a normal, natural development.

In this day of false standards of art and dishonest valuations, it is small wonder that the people walk in darkness. It seems to be the safest plan to brand all works attributed to the dead masters as fake. Of course, it is nice to lead your awe-inspired friends into your dimmed gallery and draw back a red plush curtain and display a real Rembrandt, but, on the other hand, if you have your doubts as to its authenticity and it is just as good as an original why not enjoy it and be happy? Here is where the shoe pinches, for, as a matter of fact, you don't care a penny about the subject or its technical points, you have only the

museum keeper's instinct for a "new wonder, the greatest find of the century," and the only real enjoyment you gain from the canvas is the ecstacy you get and the effect it has to startle the community.

I passed many hours viewing this Trumbo collection, and while I rejected many canvases bearing celebrated names, I found several that had a special interest to me and I do not care two straws about who painted them. One of these was called "Welcoming the Guest," by Meissonier. This is a tiny study in which the values are faulty, but it carries the stamp of genius and is as beautiful as a fine gem. It would be hard to tell you how "The Plow Girl," by Millet, affected me. I remember, it was fine in tone, but more I remember the homely, sad-faced peasant girl and her cow and the closeness of their relative positions in nature's plan. Forget the bad drawing in Rosa Bonheur's study of sheep and cattle and just accept the truth of the whole and the bigness of its nature. "In the Forest" is a real Corot, if we may take M. Chatain's word for it, and I think we better. It is a poem rather than a picture and its power lies in its delicate refinement of nature's charm. The Diaz bears a strong resemblance to certain of Keith's best efforts and is full of nature's higher truths. Like Diaz, Turner, Innes, and Keith discovered that there is a truth far above photographic truth and their legacy to the world's art achievement is unique and invaluable. I have not yet heard how many of these canvases found homes in Los Angeles, but I trust at least a few did so.

An exhibition of California art is now being held at the Sutter street gallery of Vickery, Atkins & Torrey in San Francisco, and it is notable for the number of Southern California men represented. Among well known local artists whose names appear on the catalogue are Hanson Puthuff, Warren E. Rollins, Benj. C. Brown, and others.

Mrs. Susie May Dando, the well known watercolorist, announces the opening of a cozy little gallery at St. Marks Plaza, Venice.

William Wendt and Chas. P. Austin are busy these days addressing circulars on "Fake Pictures" to all who are interested in the development of local art.

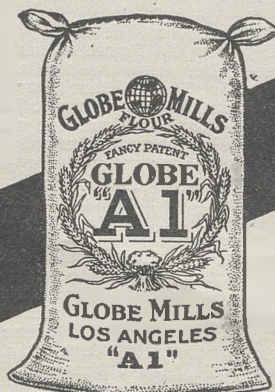
Hotel Alexandria

Afternoon Tea, from four until six o'clock (50 cents), in the Grand Salon, is one of the Attractive Features of Social Life in Los Angeles.

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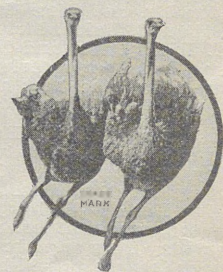
Geo. Goldsmith & Co.

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Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Not Coal Lands. 03819

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,

June 30, 1911.

NOTICE is hereby given that Laura C. Neel, of Calabasas, Cal., who, on May 18, 1906, made Homestead Entry 11113, Serial No. 03819, for Lot 3, and SE 1/4 NW 1/4, Section 3, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., and SE 1/4 SW 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 34, T. 1 N., R. 17 W., S. B. M., has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 17th day of August, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses: William Gleason, Charles Harder, John Helman, John G. Martin, all of Calabasas, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register
Date of first publication, July 8, 1911.

Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, California

Special Spring and Summer rates now in effect. Hotel Virginia is conducted on the American plan. Cuisine unexcelled. Twenty-two miles south of Los Angeles by fast trolley. Automobile boulevard between Los Angeles and Long Beach in perfect condition. The amusements include boating, bathing, fishing, golf, tennis, horse-back riding, etc.

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Men, Women, Boys and Girls
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OUTFITTERS
FOR
Men, Women,
Boys and Girls

Social & Personal

By Ruth Burke

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori of West Twenty-eighth street entertained with a dinner party at the Los Angeles Country Club Friday night of this week, in honor of Mrs. James S. Slauson, Mrs. Kate Slauson Vosburg, Mr. James Slauson and Mr. Clifton Judy. The small tables which were used for the dinner were fragrant and pretty in their adornment with pink and white blossoms. The delightful affair was in the nature of a farewell as the party will leave Los Angeles Thursday of next week for an extended tour through Europe. About fifty guests enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Sartori on this occasion.

One of the smartest of the week's affairs was the dinner party given Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Ainsworth of West Adams street, in honor of their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Guest of Fredericksburg, Va., who, with their little daughter, are visiting here. The decorations were in pink roses and places were set for Mr. and Mrs. Guest, Mr. and Mrs. Allan C. Balch, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Mrs. Charles Grierson, Mr. George Ennis and the host and hostess.

Dr. and Mrs. John R. Haynes of South Figueroa street will give a dinner Monday evening at the California Club in compliment to Mrs. James S. Slauson, Mrs. Kate S. Vosburg and Mr. James Slauson, who will leave the following Thursday for a trip abroad. After the dinner the guests will be further entertained at the Orpheum.

Mr. Homer Laughlin and daughter, Miss Gwendolen Laughlin of West Adams street, accompanied by their house guest, Mrs. W. S. Barnard of Philadelphia, left Thursday morning for a two weeks' pleasure trip through the northern part of the state. The party motored as far as Santa Barbara, where they will remain a few days at the Potter, after which they will go to Del Monte for the remainder of their time.

Miss Daphne Drake, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Drake of South Hoover street entertained a party of her girl friends with a luncheon Monday at the California Club, taking her guests to the Orpheum afterward. Pink roses and white sweet peas were prettily used in decorating the luncheon table. Mrs. J. C. Drake and Mrs. Mary Longstreet chaperoned the merry party. Miss Drake's guests were Misses Helen Jones, Juliette Boileau, Louise Hunt, Phila Miller, Elizabeth Hicks, Marguerite Drake, Helen and Miriam Ives, Clara and Isabelle Watson, Louise and Rosario Winston, Katherine and Marjorie Ramsey and Delight Schaffer.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton E. Green of Elendale Place and their two small daughters, Dorothy and Lillora, are at Monterey, where they have taken a cottage for the remainder of the season. Mr. and Mrs. Green will have as their guests Judge and Mrs. Olin Wellborn, father and mother of Mrs. Green.

One of the interesting events of the week was the annual birthday dinner party given at the home of Major and Mrs. E. F. C. Klokke, in South Figueroa street, Friday evening of this week. Pretty blossoms were used to ornament the table. The affair was in celebration of Major Klokke's seventy-seventh birthday, and among those who shared the gracious hospitality of the host and hostess on this felicitous occasion were General and Mrs. Charles D. Viele, Lieut. Gen. Adna R. Chaffee, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Ainsworth, Count and Mrs. Jaro Von Schmidt, Messrs. Karl C. Klokke and Ernest Klokke.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy have issued two hundred invitations for a "tennis tea" at the tennis courts in Redondo Beach for Saturday, July 29. The delightful event is in honor of their charming young daughter, Miss Aileen McCarthy, who is home from Miss Somer's school, Mt. Vernon seminary, Washington, D. C., for her summer vacation. The affair is to be distinctively informal, as Miss Aileen is in

school yet and will return to Washington this fall in time to take up her studies again.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carlisle, formerly of 639 South Vermont avenue, have taken apartments at the Hotel Darby in West Adams street. Thursday evening of last week Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle gave a dinner to about twenty of their friends. The table presented an unusually pretty decorative scheme with its arrangement of pink roses, maidenhair ferns and pink shaded candelabra. Places were marked with hand painted cards done in pink rose buds. Besides the host and hostess places were set for Mr. and Mrs. J. Bond Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Featherstone, Mr. and Mrs. Willard J. Doran, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Vickrey, Mr. and Mrs. Willis H. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Walter P. Story, Mr. and Mrs. James Fitzgerald and Dr. and Mrs. Carl Kurtz.

Mrs. Thomas E. Gibbon of 2272 Harvard boulevard, has as her house guest Miss Rose Dickinson of Little Rock, Ark. Miss Dickinson is a niece of Mrs. Gibbon and has visited in Los Angeles before, where her many friends will be pleased to hear of her return. Monday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbon entertained a few friends at the Orpheum in honor of their guest. Following the theater supper was served at the Alexandria. Today, Mrs. Gibbon is giving a box party at the Auditorium, taking her guests to the Alexandria for tea after the matinee. Many automobile jaunts and pleasure trips are being arranged for Miss Dickinson, whose visit will extend well into the autumn.

Lieut.-Gen. Adna R. Chaffee of 987 Magnolia avenue will be host this evening at a stag dinner given for several of his friends. The affair will commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of General Chaffee's affiliation with the United States army, in the service of which he has won so deserved distinction. Guests will include Messrs. Harry B. Ainsworth, W. J. Washburn, J. B. Lippincott, Joseph Scott, Willis H. Booth, James Slauson, James H. Adams and Frank P. Flint.

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., of West Adams, gave a dinner party Thursday evening as a courtesy to Mr. James Slauson, who is leaving next week for a tour of the continent. Japanese lilies and purple lobelias, gracefully combined, were used for the adornment of the table, at which places were marked for twelve.

Mrs. C. Q. Stanton of Andrews boulevard gave a luncheon, Wednesday, of fourteen covers, her guests having been invited to meet Mrs. Charles Peyton and her daughter, Miss Alice Peyton, of Charlestown, W. Va., who are house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Quillian Stanton, in Gramercy place. The house was decorated with a profusion of flowers and ferns.

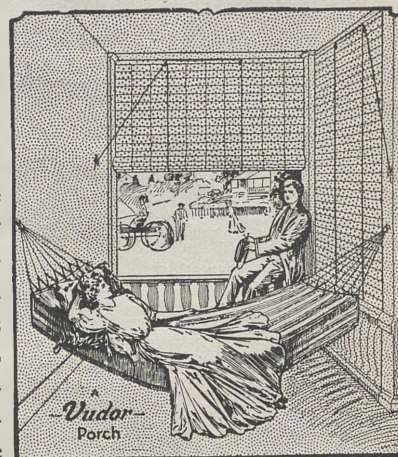
Miss Winifred Millsbaugh of Los Angeles entertained Tuesday afternoon with a five hundred party in honor of Miss Maybelle Barlow, whose marriage to Mr. Tudor Tiedemann of Alameda has been announced to take place Thursday, August 3. Shasta daisies, with a profusion of greenery, were used attractively in decorating the rooms. The guests included Mrs. Bryant Mathews, Miss Alberta Hanna, Miss Hazel Barlow, Miss Ray Hanna, Miss Katherine Fletcher, Miss Katherine Culver, Miss Sadie Bundy, Miss Belle Parsons, Miss Helen Monroe, Miss Ethel Palmer, Miss Helen Bullard, Miss Reulah Neel, Miss Jean Mead, Miss Margaret Pierce, Miss Hazel White, Miss Statie Wedder, Miss Georgiana Gilbert, Miss Lillian Coke, Miss Elizabeth Russell and Miss Helen Millsbaugh. Miss Winifred Millsbaugh and Miss Katherine Fletcher have been chosen by the bride-elect to be her assistants at her marriage.

Miss Carolyn Holden, who is the house guest of Mrs. William Bosbyshell in Third avenue, was the guest of honor Wednesday afternoon at a box party given at the Orpheum by Mrs. Dain Sturges of West Twenty-ninth place. Following the performance, tea was enjoyed at the Alexandria. Besides Miss

THE Vudor Re-enforced Hammock, as its name implies, is a hammock made extra strong where the most strain and wear comes on Hammocks.

Ordinary hammocks give out first in the middle of the bed, and in the supporting cords at the ends. In ordinary hammocks the fabric is no heavier or stronger in the middle of the bed than at the sides. The bed of the Vudor is woven with a gradually increased number of warps to the inch from the sides to the middle, so that the hammock is strongest where most strength is needed. This is a patented feature and can be found in no other hammock. Another exclusive feature of the Vudor Re-enforced Hammock is the manner in which the supporting cords are arranged and fastened to the bed of the hammock. In ordinary hammocks the cording is so carelessly and unscientifically done that practically all weight is supported by the outer cords alone; these cords are, furthermore, fastened directly to the warps of the hammock bed without a proper anchorage to distribute the strain evenly. In the Vudor the cords are put on under tension by a mechanical device which automatically adjusts them so that the weight is evenly apportioned over all, and the cords are attached to the bed of the hammock with either a strong hardwood spreader or a cord anchorage.

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Holden, the guests were Mrs. William Bosbyshell, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Miss Marjorie Burbank and Miss Gertrude Millard, the latter having returned recently from the National Park seminary.

Mrs. J. Kingsley Macomber of Delano is visiting her mother, Mrs. Charles Rivers Drake of Hoover street. It will be remembered that before her marriage Mrs. Macomber was Miss Pearl Seeley, and her many friends here will give her a warm welcome. Mrs. Macomber will pass the summer with her mother.

Mr. Cosmo Morgan, Jr., who has been visiting his parents, of West Twenty-fourth street, has returned to San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan are planning to leave in August for a trip of several weeks to Portland, Seattle and Victoria.

Mrs. Fielding J. Stilson, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Winter of New York, for the last two months, will return to her home in this city tomorrow. While away Mrs. Stilson assisted in the celebration of her father's seventy-fifth birthday.

Mrs. D. M. Riordan, assisted by her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Riordan, of South Burlington avenue, entertained with a delightful musicale Thursday evening, in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Palmer, who is visiting her mother for a few weeks. Lovers of good music were highly entertained with the fine program given. About forty invitations were accepted.

Mrs. Paul J. McCormick of Cimarron street entertained Tuesday afternoon with a china shower and five hundred party in honor of Miss Mary Cordary, whose marriage to Mr. George S. Graham will be solemnized Saturday evening, July 29, at St. Vincent's church. Pink and white blossoms, combined with ferns, pleasingly decorated the rooms. In the afternoon vocal selections were rendered by Mrs. C. M. Rankine, and Miss Josephine Molony contributed several instrumental numbers. Mrs. McCormick was assisted by her mother, Mrs. C. Redmond, Mrs. C. M. Rankine and Mrs. Martin G. Carter

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FOR TENDER FEET

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JAMES P. BURNS

525 S. Broadway 240 S. Spring St.

of San Francisco. Other guests included Mrs. N. J. Cordary, Mrs. Peter Johnson, Misses Mary Cordary, Clara Leonardt, Sophia Kubach, Helen Updegraff, Louise Taylor, Anna McDermott, Ada Savage, Susie McNulty, Mary McGarry, Ethel Dubbs, Kate McCann, Kitty and Maria Nolan, Adelaide Smith, Josephine and Frances Molony and Genevieve Cordary.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hook, Jr., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. John V. G. Posey, in Hoquiam, Wash. While there one of the delightful side trips will be to Lake Quinelt, where there is said to be game in plenty. About August 15, Mr. and Mrs. Hook will return home, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Posey, who are planning a month's visit in Los Angeles, the guests of Mrs. Posey's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Coulter of South Vermont avenue.

In honor of Miss Florence Cluff of San Francisco, the betrothed of Dr. Edwin Janss and Mrs. Harold Janss, a recent bride, Mrs. Herman Janss of Brentwood entertained with a luncheon of thirty-four covers at the Los Angeles Country Club Tuesday afternoon. Pale pink roses and maidenhair ferns daintily adorned the table. Dr. and Mrs. Peter Janss will entertain in honor of Miss Cluff with a family party for the week end at Catalina. Miss Cluff will return to her home in Menlo Park in about ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Dreyfus of West Fifth street will leave August 1 for Eureka, in the northern part of the state, where they will go camping in the Redwood forests for a month.

Miss Eileen Canfield, Miss Ruth Larned, Mr. Ernest Crawford and Mr. Will Horrall, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Raymond of Cottage Raymond, Pasadena, will pass the first week in August at Catalina.

Miss Ruth Larned, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Larned, of South Alvarado street, is at La Jolla, where she is one of the guests at a delightful house party being entertained by Mrs. A. F. Landreth and her daughter, Miss Mildred Landreth of Pasadena, who are passing several weeks at this favorite resort.

Mrs. Charles O. Middleton of North Rampart boulevard entertained with an informal luncheon Wednesday, in honor of her sister, Mrs. Vance Anderson of Bakersfield, who is passing the summer in Los Angeles. Sweet peas and Shasta daisies were combined with maidenhair ferns in decorations for the table. Other guests were Mrs. Ben Ward, Mrs. J. A. Vaughan, Mrs. Harry Bentley and Mrs. Joseph H. Call.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Buck in Budlong avenue, the marriage of Miss Margaret Messmore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Messmore, and Mr. Clifford M. Buck was solemnized Tuesday evening in the presence of about one hundred guests, Rev. W. H. Fishburn of the Presbyterian church officiating. The bride was attended by her two sisters, Mrs. E. W. Sandison and Mrs. G. W. Vallikett. Mr. Arthur Allison served Mr. Buck as best man. An Irish point lingerie gown was worn by the bride with a crown of lilies of the valley and she carried a cluster of bride roses. For the occasion the home was made attractive with a decoration of sweet peas and greenery combined with bows of tulle. Following the ceremony supper was served in the garden. After a wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Buck will return to Los Angeles, where they are to make their home.

Dr. and Mrs. Henderson Hayward and their charming little daughter, Miss Julia Hayward, of Wilshire boulevard, again are at home after a two-months' tour through the East and Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Abner L. Ross of Alvarado street, accompanied by their granddaughter, little Miss Corinne, Ross, are at Coronado, where they will pass the remainder of the month. They are occupying one of the new palm cottages recently erected on the beach there.

Miss Sally Bonner, Miss Virginia Walsh and Miss Juliet Borden, chaperoned by Mrs. Roy King, left Tuesday morning for an extended trip to Alaska. On their return trip, short visits will be made in all the Northern cities.

Miss Leta Murietta of College street returned a few days ago, after passing the week end at Avalon. Miss Murietta

was the house guest of Mrs. Hancock Banning at her home, "Descanso," while on the island.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney A. Butler of 601 Coronado street, accompanied by their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Butler, left Thursday morning for a month's vacation trip. En route east they will stop at the Grand Canyon, Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou and Salt Lake, returning by way of Yellowstone Park, Portland, Seattle, Mount Shasta and San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William Edward Shephard have returned from their wedding trip and are at home to their friends at 1922 West Twenty-second street. Mrs. Shephard was formerly Miss Marie Juliet Rouse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wiley J. Rouse. Mr. and Mrs. Rouse and their daughter, Miss Lorita Rouse, left Monday for Seven Oaks, where they will pass the remainder of the month.

Mrs. Ira W. Phelps of Ingraham street is entertaining as her house guests her sister-in-law, Mrs. Frank Sternberg, with her two daughters, Miss Ethel and Miss Bernice, of San Francisco. Mr. Sternberg will join his family later and together they will be the guests of his sister at her cottage at Avalon for the month of August. Miss Bernice, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sternberg, is known as a talented violinist in her home city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Coulter and family have recently moved into their new home, 639 South Vermont avenue, where Mrs. Coulter will be at home Fridays.

Announcement is made by the steamship department of the German American Savings Bank of the safe arrival in Paris, France, of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Marsh and family, Mr. and Mrs. Hulett C. Merritt and family, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Gamble and family, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Crenshaw, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Minor, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Gates, Mrs. Will E. Chapin, Mrs. Robert Fulton, Mrs. Helen Steckel Henderson, Mrs. J. Wallace, Miss Leda Wallace, Miss Florence Craik, Miss Jessie Smith, Miss Sally Polk, Miss F. de Laguna, Miss Julia Huggins, Miss Adelia Riedel, Miss Georgianna Gates, Dr. and Mrs. J. Dock, Mr. Julius Brown, Mr. Emil Collins, and Mrs. Thomas Minor.

Mrs. Chaffee, who left a fortnight ago for an eastern trip, is visiting at present with her son-in-law and daughter, Captain and Mrs. George French Hamilton of Fort Russell, Wyoming. Mrs. Chaffee stopped over for two or three days in Kansas City with her brother and sister-in-law, Captain and Mrs. Bertrand Rockwell, and while there was the guest of honor at two attractively appointed luncheons.

Miss Marjorie Tufts, Miss Beatrice Finlayson and Miss Charlotte Winston, chaperoned by Mrs. Edward B. Tufts, mother of Miss Marjorie, left Thursday morning for an outing to Catalina. Mrs. Tufts will return Monday, but the young women are remaining a week longer as house guests of Mrs. Shirley C. Ward, who is entertaining in her summer home a merry house party of girls and boys.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rivers Drake of South Hoover street have as their house guest Mr. H. F. de Courcy of Dublin, Ireland.

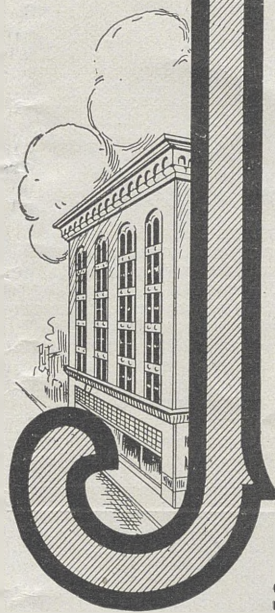
Miss Jessie Proctor of Hollywood is entertaining Miss May Walker of Flagstaff, Arizona, who is en route to Honolulu for a stay of two months, and Miss Olive Simpson of Shullsburg, Wis., cousin of Miss Proctor, who was appointed by her sorority to be their representative at the convention of the Kappa Alpha Theta, recently held in Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leverett Leonard will return from their wedding trip about July 28. Mrs. Leonard was formerly Miss Rowena Newton, daughter of Mr. I. B. Newton of this city, and her wedding in St. John's church was one of the prettiest of the season.

Mrs. Guy Cochran of Loma Drive, returned to Los Angeles Friday morning from Pacific Grove, whither she went a few days ago to secure a cottage for the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Perkins Jr., who have been passing their honeymoon in San Francisco, are planning to return home soon. They will make

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Phone your order if it is impossible to stop in personally---our order clerk will note your instructions carefully. By all means don't let a single Sunday pass without a box of these supreme candies.

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the trip down the coast in their machine. A number of pleasant affairs are planned for them in honor of their home-coming.

Mrs. George Drake Ruddy of Wilshire boulevard will be hostess tomorrow at an informal tea.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Rogers of North Vermont avenue have taken a cottage on Del Mar avenue, Playa del Rey, for the summer.

Mrs. John P. St. John, wife of former Gov. John P. St. John of Kansas, is a guest of Mrs. Warren Gillelen of West Twenty-first street. Mrs. St. John will visit in Los Angeles this summer.

Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt and daughter, Miss Louise Hunt, in company with Mr. Edward D. Silent of Severance street, left Tuesday for Avalon, where they will join Mrs. Frank J. Thomas of South Flower street and her daughter, Miss Anita Thomas.

Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones of West Twenty-eighth street accompanied by her daughter, Miss Helen Jones, left Wednesday for Catalina, where they will stay about ten days. Later, Mrs. John D. Foster of West Twenty-eighth street will join the party for a few days on the island.

Mrs. Charles Farquharson, who has been visiting Mrs. Harry D. Lombard in St. James Park for a month, returned to her home yesterday in San Francisco. Any number of pretty affairs have been given for Mrs. Farquharson while here, one of the most delightful being the bridge luncheon with which Mrs. Dan McFarland honored the visitor and a few friends recently.

Formal announcement is made of the engagement of Mrs. Mary J. Schallert of 938 Beacon street to Dr. Arnold Burkelman of this city. The date of the wedding is set for Thursday, August 17. Mrs. Schallert is prominent in musical and society circles of Los Angeles. Dr. Burkelman formerly lived in New York City, but for the last four years has made this city his home.

Word has been received by friends here from Judge and Mrs. Mayo Erskine Ross of Wilshire boulevard that

they will sail for home Saturday, July 22, reaching Los Angeles early in August. They have been traveling abroad for the last six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Royden Vosburg, who have returned from their wedding trip through the East, are at home to their friends in their attractive new home on California terrace, Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., of West Adams street, left this week for Monterey, where they have a cozy cottage for a part of the season.

Mrs. Arthur Morlan and her daughter, Miss Rae Belle Morlan, of 915 Manhattan place, have left for a month's trip to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan M. Culver of Menlo avenue, who have been enjoying an extensive northern trip, will return soon.

Mrs. O. P. Clark of Menlo avenue and Miss Elizabeth Brant are traveling to Alaska, making the trip with stops at many intervening places of interest.

Col. and Mrs. E. S. Ormsby of 732 Rampart street, are entertaining Mr. J. A. M. Gonagle and daughter, Miss Bessie, and Mr. George J. Consigny of Iowa.

Mrs. Rea Smith of 657 West Twenty-third street, accompanied by her two little sons, Edward and Gordon, and nurse, left Wednesday morning for Santa Barbara, where they will stay two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fusenot, of this city, who have been abroad for several months, are expected to arrive in New York, on their way home, Aug. 1.

Mrs. William H. Harrison of 327 Kingsley drive, has gone to San Francisco for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold E. Reed, the latter formerly Miss Adele Huntsberger, have returned from their wedding trip and will be at home to their friends at 321 Lake street.

Mrs. C. C. Carpenter of 1153 West Twenty-seventh street and her daughter, Miss Fanny Todd Carpenter, are at their summer home at Redondo Beach.

Cheaters

McKee Rankin has become a distinguished playwright—at least in the annals of Los Angeles. We have had with us such famous authors as George Broadhurst, Hartley Manners, and others as well known for their excellent plays, but the effulgence of their glory is dimmed, for to McKee Rankin belongs the prize for the production of the poorest example of dramatic writing ever seen in this city. The name of it is "California," adapted from Suderman's "Fires of St. John," and it is being played by Rankin and the Auditorium stock company. Nothing that has been produced on the local stage in ten years can hold a candle to it for mediocrity, incoherence, and inconsequent rambling. There must be a plot to it, but inasmuch as the reviewer failed to carry a microscope at Monday night's performance, and could gain no information from his fellow critics, we cannot say with certainty. So far as closest attention could gather, it concerns Kate, the founding daughter of Col. Elmer Johnson. Kate's real mother is a drunkard and makes her appearance once or twice so that Kate may have an emotional spasm or two. Kate's foster sister, Lilly, is about to be married to her cousin, George Van Ness, when Kate discovers that her hitherto concealed passion for George is reciprocated. How she discovers it, and why she should go about looking like a martyr, is left to the imagination of the audience. George proceeds to marry Lilly, even although he swears he loves Kate, and Kate is left alone. By dint of much concentration, that portion of the plot filters through one's mind, and leaves one to wonder why Mr. Rankin did not fittingly christen his play after the famous Shakespearean comedy, "Much Ado About Nothing." It is sad to watch the stock company struggling through so dreary a stretch of commonplace verbiage. Words, words, words, are bandied about, without conveying any message to the audience. Marjorie Rambeau is almost swamped by the part of Kate, but she keeps her head above water, and occasionally redeems the part from utter failure. Fay Bainter has the best part of the play, that of Lilly Johnson, but her self-consciousness and affectation rob the character of its charm. It is well-nigh impossible to recognize the comely Josephine Dillon in the repulsive habiliments of Kate's drunken mother—a loathsome creature played by Miss Dillon in a way that gives promise of maturing character work. Lillian Burnett is too dramatic-schoolish to make any impression as Mrs. Johnson. John Sainpolis does his best with a part that requires him to "My God" at five-minute intervals, but even his best cannot make the role otherwise than strained and unnatural; even the brisk breeziness of Charles Giblyn is affected by the dull atmosphere. George Osborne gives the most finished portrait of the production, and after McKee Rankin learns his lines, he may make a success of his part of Col. Elmer Johnson.

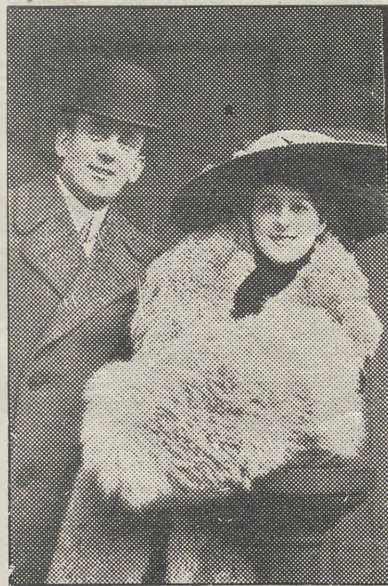
"The White Sister" at the Belasco

In less capable hands than those of the Belasco players "The White Sister" could not make serious appeal as a play. When the heroine of a drama is a nun in her convent garb, who must listen to the determined arguments of her former lover, and even grapple with him for the possession of a revolver, it is easy to believe that careless stagecraft would bring the play not far from melodrama. Unlike "Sister Beatrice" there is in "The White Sister" no element of mysticism or allegory. It is merely a love story with the three usual elements, the man, the woman and the other one—in this case a former love of the man's. Miss Magrane as Sister Giovanna handled her part with the greatest delicacy and lightness of touch, avoiding all suggestions of rant, and her voice was unusually sympathetic. Mr. Stone, as always, played most convincingly and lost no opportunities as Captain Giovanni. Adele Farrington, as the unscrupulous confessa, was effective both in appearance and in the treatment of

her lines. Other characters in the play were rather colorless, but the company did its utmost. Special mention must be made of the setting for the second act, the cloistered garden, which was an artistic bower of red roses and white flowering vines.

Novelties at the Orpheum.

By far the most attractive number on the Orpheum bill this week is Master Albert Hole, introduced as England's boy soprano. His voice is delightfully clear and has an unusual sweetness of tone. His training has been rather faulty, chiefly shown in an indistinctness of enunciation, but for all that, his voice is fresh and his songs prove favorites with the audience. If you care for German comedians, Raymond and Caverly will give you many a laugh in "A Booming Town," in which they are successfully tangled up in misunderstandings. Belleclair brothers fully live up to their promises of remarkable tests of endurance and hold their audiences as few acts of this sort can do. The Bergere players in "What Happened in Room 44," have a novel act which threatens to be melodrama, but eventually proves to be farce comedy. Ruth Raynore, as the girl who rented room 44, is exceedingly comely of appearance. Of the holdovers, the Farrell-

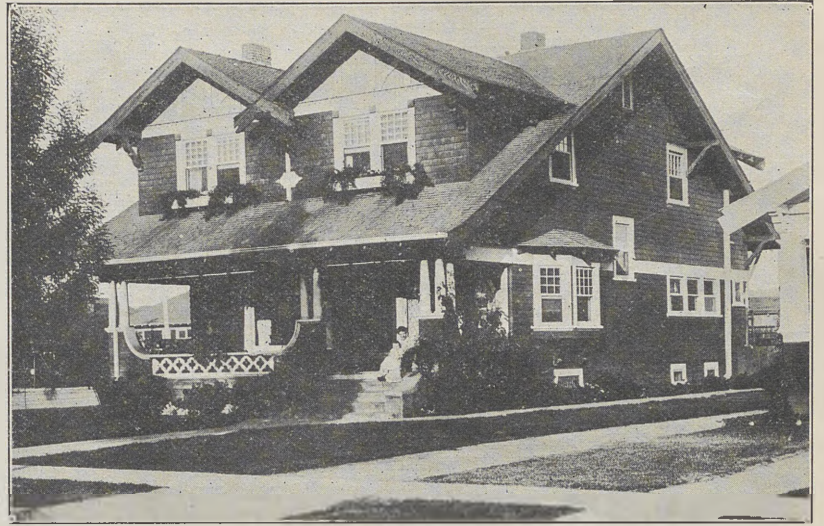


ARMSTRONG AND DALE, LYCEUM.

Taylor company continues a rather tiresome act, and the bill is completed by James Cullen, "A Night in a Turkish Bath," and Mr. Edward Abeles in "He Tried to be Nice."

"Time, Place and Girl," at the Grand.

For the last week of its season, the Ferris Hartman Opera Company is using "The Time, the Place and the Girl," which is well described as "a comedy in three acts, with music." In it Percy Bronson has his first real opportunity for many weeks, as Happy Johnny Hicks, dispenser of lacerated English in the form of slang. The plot of the comedy is similar to that of "Seven Days," relying for its fun upon the complications that ensue when a sanitarium is quarantined because of a suspected case of smallpox. In the resort at the time are Tom Cunningham, a rich man's son, and Happy Johnny Hicks, a gambler, who are fleeing from the police. In a drunken brawl Tom has knocked a young chap over the head with a bottle, seriously injuring him. When his victim is unfortunately brought to the sanitarium where his sister is head nurse, Johnny and Tom try to get away, but are caught by the quarantine. In order to save Tom, Johnny pretends to be the guilty person, thus "getting in wrong" with the head nurse, for whom he has developed a sentiment warmer than friendship.



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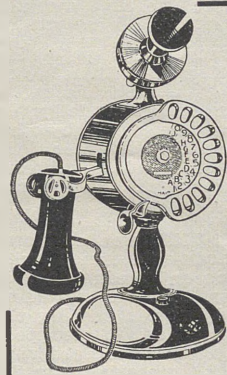
But in the end, Tom owns up, Johnny is reinstated into the nurse's affection and everyone is satisfied in true musical comedy fashion. Percy Bronson is especially happy in his part of Johnny, but sings too infrequently for the satisfaction of his audiences. Robert Leonard, in a sartorial blaze of glory, fairly conquers the matinee houses in his part of Tom Cunningham, whose trouble is too much money. Despite the fact that she goes up in her lines on several occasions, Anna Montgomery is fetching and feminine in her part of Mollie Kelly, the insouciant nurse, and her sweet singing of "It's Lonesome Tonight" threatened to stop the action of the play indefinitely. Roscoe Arbuckle is downright funny as Farmer Simpson, Lou Chaney is a pathetic organ grinder, and Grover Franke wrings many a laugh from his audiences as the spoiled child. The best work of her local career is being done by Kathleen Wilmarth, and Bertie Palmer is a delectable soubrette. It is with regret that the public says goodbye to the Hartman company, which has worked hard and well, and it is with anticipation that the reopening of the house is awaited in September.

"Follies of 1915" at the Lyceum

At the Lyceum, the Armstrong company is offering "The Follies of 1915," much to the edification of its patrons. There is no plot discernible in the concoction, but the Baby Dolls are much in evidence, and there are song numbers in plenty. Clara Howard has made herself a popular favorite, and her singing of "Down by the Seashore," in which she appears in a costume that is—well, slightly abbreviated, brings down the house. Ethel Davis wins prolonged applause by proving her ability as a "coon-shouter" in that popular "rag," "Put Your Arms Around Me." Gus Leonard and Will Armstrong do most of the funmaking in their respective burlesques of an Irishman and a German. But the hit of the production is the scene in which Miss Howard, Miss Davis, Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Leonard descend into the orchestra pit and render a few select instrumental pieces with telling effect. Mr. Leonard persuades the cornet to give forth several sweet sounds and one or two wails, Miss Davis drums like a master, and Miss Howard is an adept on the ivory keys, while Armstrong caricatures the mannerism of the modern musical director. The Baby Dolls, scanty of attire, but good to look upon, appear to be a strong attraction—judging by the predominance of the masculine element at the matinee performances.

Offerings for Next Week

"Arizona," the American military play that made the name of its author, Augustus Thomas, a household word,



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will be the next offering of Lewis S. Stone and the Belasco theater stock company. By many theatergoers "Arizona" is regarded as the best thoroughly American play that has ever been written. It combines the elements of comedy, romance, and pathos. There is the big-hearted, gruff ranch owner, Canby, his motherly wife, the charming and girlish Bonita, the brave and chivalrous Lieutenant Denton, the rascally Captain Hodgman, Tony, the Mexican, who has a love-making method all his own, Estrella, the officer's wife, who listens to Hodgman's dishonorable wooing, Lena, the German sergeant's daughter, and a host of soldiers of the kind that wear shoulder straps to denote their exalted station. "Arizona" will enable Lewis Stone to be seen in what he admits is his favorite role—that of Lieutenant Denton. Thais Magrane will be the Bonita of the performance, while Charles Ruggles will temporarily return to the Belasco stage in the role of Tony. Mr. Vivian, Mr. Neill, Mr. Bernard, Mr. Yerance, Mr. Applebee, Mr. Barbee, Miss Sullivan, Miss Farrington, Miss Arnold and the others of the Belasco organization will be found in the long list of contributing players.

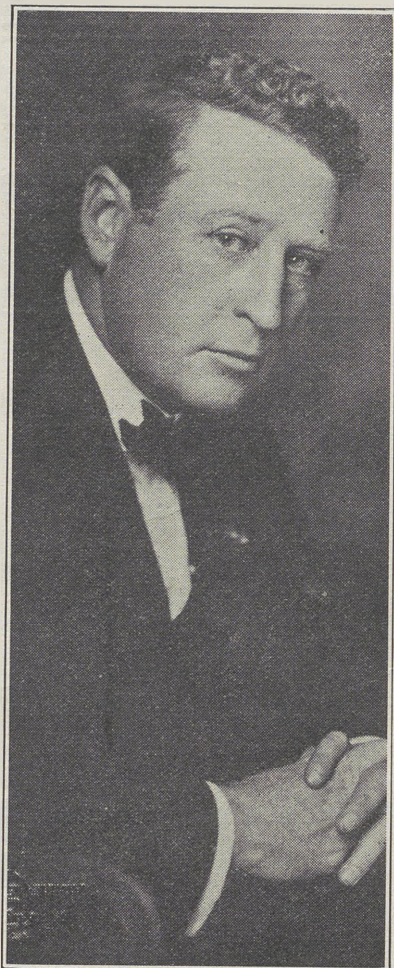
For one week, beginning Monday evening, July 24, the Auditorium stock company of Los Angeles will present "The Brixton Street Burglary," with Marjorie Rambeau, Joseph Galbraith and the popular members of the organization in the cast. "The Brixton Street Burglary" is said to be an excellent example of farce comedy, and is from the pen of Frederick Sydney. The plots concern the Pontifex family. The feminine members of the family are away from home, and the men of the family, Septimus Pontifex, Mr. Green, and Mr. Diggler disport themselves by playing poker and taking vaudeville actresses to dinner. To conceal their shortcomings when their wives return, they prevaricate, but not having agreed upon their stories, they all tell different tales. The night that the men are having their good time, a burglary takes place in the locality. The police, hearing of the mysterious story told by the Pontifex clique, immediately begin to suspect them. This leads to complications that require three acts to untangle. Miss Rambeau will play Alice Green, Miss Gordon will play Millicent Pontifex, and Fay Bainter will be Jessie Pontifex. Joseph Galbraith will play Septimus Pontifex, George Osborne will play Green, husband of Alice and father-in-law to Pontifex, and Frank Dennithorne will be Mr. Diggler, fiance of Jessie.

There seems to be no slackening in the intense interest that is being taken in Margaret Illington's performance of "The Thief" at the Burbank theater, and the management has found it necessary to continue the play a third week, in order to meet the demand. Theatergoers have readily recognized the fact that an unusual opportunity is being afforded to see a great drama, played by a famous star, with one of the best stock companies in the United States, and overflowing houses have greeted every performance. Miss Illington won her greatest triumph in her part of Marie-Louise, the reckless, tragic girl-wife, who is a blind worshipper at the shrine of love. There are other vital parts in "The Thief." The role of Richard Voysin, the husband of Marie-Louise, is in its way as comprehensive as Miss Illington's part, and in it Byron Beasley is scoring a genuine triumph. Harry Mestayer, as the young chap who adores Marie-Louise, invests the part with great charm, while David Hartford, Frank Camp and Grace Travers round a cast seldom equalled. Following the third week of "The Thief," Miss Illington will be seen in the first performance on any stage of Charles Kenyon's new play, "Kindling," in which Miss Illington will start in the fall. She has an entirely new sort of character—that of a young married woman of New York's east side.

Five new acts will gladden the hearts of Orpheum audiences the week beginning Monday matinee, July 24. Homer B. Mason, Marguerite Keeler and a company of four, bring here for the first time Porter Emerson Browne's clever farce, "In and Out." Mr. Browne is well known here as a playwright. The skit is for laughing purposes only. By means of Rousby's Scenic Review, audiences will be transported to London, the world's capital. This is not a series of moving pictures, but a new arrangement that gives the illusion of

real life, with electric devices similar to those used in the famous Bayreuth theater. Melville Ellis is a new style of entertainer, who comes for one week only. His costumes are said to be the acme of sartorial elegance, and his songs and stories are "different." The Three Vagrants are typical strolling players, who will sing the songs that are a stock in trade of this class of European entertainers. Lydell & Butterworth have an act called "The Light Brown Girl and the Funny Dancer," which is said to be exceedingly entertaining. Rayford and Caverly, Albert Hole, the boy singer, the Bergere players, the daylight motion pictures, and the symphony orchestra complete the bill.

Edward Armstrong will introduce for his third week at the Lyceum his "The Sole Kiss," which is a burlesque on a successful musical comedy of similar name. Mr. Armstrong himself will be a feature of this week's production,



JOSEPH GALBRAITH, AUDITORIUM.

and will sing a duet with his brother. The story of the burlesque deals with the attempt of Mr. Brown (Mr. Armstrong) to have a good time at Venice unknown to his wife (Ethel Davis.) In this he is assisted by his friend Hogan (Will Armstrong), but is often defeated by Deacon Schmitt (Gus Leonard). In the episodes figure a pretty actress, Flossie (Clara Howard) and a knowing maid, Daisy (Dorothy Dale.) The story moves from Venice to Chinatown, thus permitting variety of scenery and costuming. The Baby Dolls will be well to the front. Four of the dolls will have solo numbers. Doris Piper—who played the same part in the real opera—will appear as a Spanish dancer, Dot Claire as Cleopatra, Hazel Boyd as a French demoiselle, and Lillian Buckley as an American girl—each with an individual dance. Among the songs will be "I Want Help," "Hello Billie," "The Oceana Roll," "When a Servant Learns a Secret," and a number of others.

Next Monday evening the Playgoers Society will offer the second event of the series of literary plays being given by amateurs, when Oscar Wilde's brilliant comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest," will be given, with a one-act play by Mrs. E. K. Foster for a curtain-raiser. "The Importance of Being Earnest" was selected in spite of the fact that it is not so modern as

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most of the plays the society will give, because of the recent revival of interest in Wilde on both sides of the Atlantic. It is full of typical Wilde epigrams and paradoxes, and especially well suited to amateurs. "Pietro," Mrs. Foster's playlet, is a great contrast to the comedy. It is a somber piece of literature, its principal characters living in a hut near the San Pedro breakwater. It deals with the sex problem in a new light. Thursday evening, July 27, the third event of the series will be held, and three one-act plays will be given, two of them by local playwrights, and the third by George

Bernard Shaw. The latter, "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," has never been presented anywhere in America, and its London performance created a tremendous sensation. Ellen Galpin will play the principal part in her little comedy of east side New York, "The Coming of Kathleen." The third playlet will be "Pandora," by Antony Anderson, a tabloid drama of a very modern Pandora. The last of the series will be given Monday night, July 31, when "Don," by Rudolph Besier, will be presented. The only other American performance of this piece was at the New Theater.

Books

Allegorical in style and conception and shot through with the golden threads of the wonder myths of good King Arthur and the knights of the Round Table, "The Road to Avalon" of Coningsby Dawson, greatly resembles John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Not so rich and varied in figures is this latter day quest; nor so strictly orthodox in its tone. There is more an evidence of a love of poetry and romance, of an acquaintance with the refinements of culture and of books; less of austerity and more of legendary luxuriance; less of emotion and more of studied effort at artistic effects. While in no way decreasing the pleasure in its similes, it yet serves to increase the wonder at the lowly, uneducated tinker's production, which has become an immortal classic. "The Road to Avalon" might almost be classed as a boy's book, and yet the modern boy or girl is so engrossed with matter-of-fact things, with sordid calculations and the business of learning to fight in the world of commercial valuations that it is not until his or her place has been won that there is time to appreciate tales of beauty or ethical character, if happily the disposition or ability yet remains. But there are a few dreamy spirits among the children, who enjoy the stories of Alfred the Great, Bonnie Prince Charlie, King Arthur and his gallant knights and such old-fashioned subjects, who will understand in a measure the beauty and poetry of the likeness drawn between the charcoal-burner's son, the Unknown Knight, and King Arthur: who will appreciate the adventures in the search for Avalon and the lovely lady, with the encounters with Sir Specious, Sir Vanitas and the various other failings of the human heart. What will remain dark and seem unduly exaggerated are the wiles of Lilith. Lilith rather "gets on one's nerves" with her persistence. She represents a new phase of Bunyan's theory that anything pleasurable is sinful—a theory that religionists of the narrowest type have almost abandoned at the present day. Avalon proves to be the garden of Eden, the best a person can dream or desire, and like Heaven, is not a place but a condition of mind and soul, existing wherever the individual is; and the charcoal-burner's son, who set out on the quest, is no other than the great king, unknown of men, for "some souls are so great that they may not be all contained in one body; for the mortal frame is so frail from diverse causes it may quickly perish out of sight before the soul hath done its task. Therefore, God in his wisdom hath so ordained that a mighty soul may inhabit more than one house of clay so that, should one disastrously perish, another may still survive. Thus, though ages come and go, great spirits never vanish, but through the misty byroads of the years they follow out their quests, from their creation even until the end of time. Therefore, King Arthur can never die. In no one place doth that city of rest abide. It grew up about thee all along the road as thou didst travel and strive, so that now wherever thou dost dwell, there is Avalon." ("The Road to Avalon." By Coningsby Dawson. Hodder & Stoughton—George H. Doran Co.)

"Jim"

"It's an old heart that cannot look forward." So end the chronicles of Jim Crow's visit at Clure Bay one happy summer, when James Nevis, Sr., came to sketch and paint in the neighborhood; and with a snap of the whip and a whirl of wheels "Jim," with his artist "Doody" and famous "fun-owl," are gone, leaving the reader like Samuel Girdwood, reputed to be "the oldest inhabitant" in that region, and his sister, Elizabeth, to gaze regretfully after the happy little chap as he spins away toward his journey to "Muzzet"—and that delightful land of marvelous adventure. It is a thoroughly shriveled—or exceedingly young—heart that cannot look backward, mentally observes the reader as he closes the book. "Jim," be it known, is a dear little mite of hu-

manity in whom live the spirits of romance and poesy so strong and healthy that by the magic of his baby prattle the wood is filled with elfin, gnomes, pixies, fairies and all sorts of wondrous folk, even for the "oldest inhabitant." Under his influence old Samuel Girdwood becomes a jealous servitor, a friend of Busted Tewken, Miss Mousie, Mr. Froggie and other nursery folk of similar character and a spinner of the most reckless yarns regardless of the prickings of his strict Scottish conscience. "Is it true about those things in the wood? Is it truly a magic wood?" asks Daisy. To which Mr. Girdwood replies with difficulty, "'Tis like as not. 'Tis many years since I was here before"—and the spell is cast over the one who reads, as well. After all, love bridges any space of years easily and perfectly. J. J. Bell has depicted an irresistibly sweet and lovable little soul, with rare skill and sympathy. ("Jim." By J. J. Bell. Hodder & Stoughton—George H. Doran Co.)

Boys' Camping Story

In the "Boy Scouts of Birchbark Island" are given the summer experiences of a troop of boy scouts on an island in the Connecticut river. Incidentally, insight is given of the duties, obligations and qualifications of, a scout, and what is necessary to pass from second grade to first grade. The troop was divided into various patrols, such as Black-hawks, Eagles and Silver Foxes. Each scout was required to do a good turn for another every day. Under Scoutmaster Marvin, the different squads pursued the several duties assigned to them, such as unloading camp equipment, erecting the tents, gathering firewood and balsam boughs for beds, kitchen work and other useful employment. The squads took turns about cooking and washing dishes. They all were required to make a tour of the island and upon returning to camp draw a map from memory in a prize competition. What good times they had swimming, boating, playing baseball and archery! Firearms were not allowed. To add a little excitement to the story, a gang of robbers, which infested the neighboring shore, was routed and captured by the scouts when about to rob a big house in the vicinity. Two of the scouts, nicknamed "Skeeter" and the "Loon," were the heroes in this episode. Another exciting incident was the saving from fire of the farm buildings and stock of the meanest man in those parts, who thereafter became a warm friend. This book differs from too many juvenile stories, in that the boys do not indulge in various mischievous and foolish pranks to make it interesting for the youngsters. ("The Boy Scouts of Birchbark Island." By Rupert Sargent Holland. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Notes from Bookland

In estimating Thackeray's ability as an author and his work in English literature, the Chicago Dial thinks the great novelist's account has now been long enough closed, and searchingly enough audited, to enable us to know pretty closely how it stands. As a stylist, he has few equals in our literature. "Nobody in our day wrote with such perfection of style," was Carlyle's verdict; and Lowell spoke of the style as "beyond praise—so easy, so limpid, showing everywhere by unobtrusive allusions how rich he was in modern culture." As a novelist, he was the greatest of his time—and that the flowering time of British fiction—with probably only Fielding and Scott for his peers in the whole range of our literature. As a satirical commentator upon humanity, he was one of the most penetrating spirits that ever lived, but with the temper of Horace and Montaigne rather than with that of Juvenal and Swift. "Love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred," he once wrote to a friend. As a man, he was about as finely moulded in character as humankind is ever permitted to be, lovable as Lamb and Stevenson

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were lovable, and a very few others of the writing kind. And when he went to "God's next world" an American poet, Richard Henry Stoddard, was moved to write for him this epitaph:

Where grand old Homer sits
In godlike state benign;
Where broods in endless thought
The awful Florentine;
Where sweet Cervantes walks,
A smile on his grave face;
Where gossips quaint Montaigne,
The wisest of the race;
Where Goethe looks through all
With that calm eye of his;
Where little seen but light—
The only Shakespeare is:
There this new spirit came.
They asked him, drawing near,
"Art thou become like us?"
He answered, "I am here."

Writing to Prof. Asa Don Dickinson of the State College of Washington, acknowledging receipt of a paper on William De Morgan, the author admitted that he regarded J. Vance as his best work and that he was satisfied it would remain so. His letter, published in the Dial, adds: "The conditions under which it was written can never recur. I am encumbered now not only with my rapports with criticism, but— even more—by the constant question, 'Have I or have I not written all this before?' My memory of what I have written is unsound, and it does not do for a writer to repeat himself. . . . I never spoke to Tennyson in my life— worse luck! And had only the privilege of mere acquaintance with Swinburne. Carlyle was a neighbor and I saw him fairly frequently. I have in vain besought many interviewers to invent whatever they like about me, but not to bother me for data. What earthly use is a substratum of fact?"

Chicago is reported to have 644 periodicals, of which thirty-four are dailies, regularly mailed at the postoffice as second-class matter, and the number is constantly increasing. The combined yearly circulation is 450,000,000 copies. Seventeen languages are represented in the different newspapers and magazines. These are divided as follows: Monthlies, 283; weeklies, 233; quarterlies, 46; dailies, 34; semi-weeklies, 9; bimonthlies, 8; biweeklies, 4; triweeklies, 1; semiquarterlies, 1.

George Bronson Howard has just completed the dramatization of his latest book, "An Enemy to Society," which is to be brought out in the early fall by Doubleday, Page & Co. Arrangements for the enactment of the play have been completed and it will probably be seen before the winter. The title suggests a combination of two of Henrik Ibsen's dramas.

Coronation honors to English men of letters were but meagerly bestowed, perhaps because the list of other classes of prospective recipients had attained so formidable a length before the poor scribblers were reached. But Mr. Sid-

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION 03722
Not Coal Lands.
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
June 30, 1911.

NOTICE is hereby given that Frederick H. Post, of Topanga, Cal., who, on November 1, 1905, made Homestead Entry No. 10027, Serial No. 03722, for 8 1/4 SE 1/4 Sec. 11, NW 1/4 NW 1/4 Sec. 13, NE 1/4 NE 1/4 Section 14, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described before Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 15th day of August, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses: J. D. Heron, of Santa Monica, Cal.; James A. Craig, of Topanga, Cal.; W. T. Gibbons, of Topanga, Cal.; Herman Hethke, of Calabasas, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.
Date of first publication, July 8, 1911.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION 03756
Not Coal Lands.
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 17, 1911.

NOTICE is hereby given that Guillermo Bonjornez, of Topanga, Cal., who, on July 8, 1906, made Homestead Entry No. 10079, Serial No. 03756, for Lots 1, 2, 3, and 4, Section 19, Township 1 S., Range 16 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 28th day of August, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses: J. E. Dumbham, Claud Allen, Juan Vargas, Refugio Espinoza, all of Topanga, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.
Date of first publication, July 22, 1911.

ney Lee, of "National Biography" fame and a contributor of our knowledge of Shakespeare, was knighted; he well deserved the distinction, observes the Dial, as did also, for equally good reasons, Professor Walter Raleigh, who is now Sir Walter Raleigh, which has a fine as well as a familiar sound. Why, however, should these honors to writers have been restricted to scholars? Mr. Thomas Hardy, who has certainly deserved well of his country, still lives, untitled though not unhonored; and the name of H. G. Wells will occur to many as among the more gifted writers of his time. Is Mr. Kipling also to live out his life as a commoner? While honors are going, these and other names of "creative" authors naturally occur to one.

Using the Game in a Wrong Way

MALCOM JAMES MACLEOD, IN THE "CONTINENT."

Again the golfing season is with us. I am not much of a golfer, although I golf "at it" a little, but I am very fond of the game, and it is because I am so fond of it that I am sorry to see it being pressed so insistently and so successfully into the service of sin. The game is a fascinating one, as everybody who has given himself to it with any degree of devotion will indeed confess. It stirs the blood, grips the hearts, and makes fools indeed of not a few who seem to think the chief end of man is to play golf—by a sinful overindulgence. Yes, and it taxes the patience, challenges the honor, tests the self-control. What a splendid moral gymnasium the links are! I sometimes think the man who can challenge Col. Bogey to a match one fine afternoon and play the game dead square, never advantaging his lie by the good colonel's absence, and never losing his poise or calm when things do not connect and dubs and tops and bunkers and boomerangs are all the go—I sometimes think that such a man must be in, or at least "not far from," the kingdom. Then, what a fine physical elixir! It calls one out into the open with a few odd-looking sticks—and, by the way, the fewer the better; five are better than fifteen for the average player—and a ball; and it says, "Hit that little ball into the hole over there. Do not touch it with your hand or your foot or your finger; address it not in any unchaste language with your tongue. Do not push it or shove it or tickle it in any way. Just hit it with one of these clubs in that bag. Hit it clean. Watch it. Keep your eye on the little rascal—marvelous how it will elude you! Do not press; do not crouch; do not jump at it. Use your wrists. Follow through. Keep in mind about sixteen things at once, just before the moment of impact."

The point is plain. It rivets attention. No man can play golf and play stocks at one and the same time. He cannot drive a ball and drive a bargain. Everything else must be forgotten, absolutely forgotten. It is the greatest system of forgetting things ever invented. So it heals headaches; it drives dull care away; it relaxes tension; it slays worry; it carries off surplus activity. It makes the poor pilgrim forget the things that are behind and press forward to that little rubber bulb before. And the beauty about it all is that one does not need to be a first sixteen player or even a second sixteen to get wholesome pleasure out of the noble game. The third sixteen fooler enjoys it full as much—sometimes, I am tempted to think, more. For golf has a happy greeting for everybody. No matter in what mood we approach her she breathes a benediction. She is the ideal queen of sport. Another reason, I think, why so many people are taking to this outdoor form of amusement is that it is a supremely thoughtful game. I suppose more books have been written on the science of golf and the subtlety of golf and the metaphysics of golf and the psychology of golf than regarding any other outdoor game. For half the mischief one gets into is purely mental. Every expert player tells us this. The best golfer is a sort of Christian Scientist. One can imagine more trouble in golf than in any other game, and the moment one does that, it becomes terribly real. He is in distress for sure!

That is why the thinker takes to it. It is a slow, studious, reasoning game. One does not have to make up his mind what to do in a moment. In the twinkling of an eye, as in tennis, baseball, or cricket, and, save the very long drive, which only a few master, there is little that is spectacular or cheer-evoking. I suppose the putter would be conceded to be the most important club in the bag, but what a shy, sensitive little fairy she is! Even a whisper disturbs her, a passing bird, a breeze, a call from a far-off caddie. Who has not felt the solemn, deathlike stillness when the little putter is meditating and about to proceed! So, I repeat, it is a game for the thinker, the student; a quiet game, a philosophical game, subjective, introspective—the Hamlet of sports. And it has had an honorable history. It has been associated with less objectionableness than any other American form of athletics. It has small

attraction for the gambler, little or none for him whose hand is unsteady with anything fermented, none whatever for the man of unclean life. It is a sport pure as the Highland rills whence it had its rise. Which leads me to the line at the head of this article. The game, they tell us, arose where so many good things have arisen—over the border, in the land of Burns and Scott and the Sabbath day and the shorter catechism and the kirk.

* * *

I have heard it said there are more ministers playing golf today than any other game, and I believe it is true. But I am almost tempted to doubt if all other games combined are keeping so many people away from the house of worship. Sunday golf has become a tremendously serious question. It was my fortune last fall to be on an automobile trip through the northern part of the state of New York. We arrived on Saturday morning at a country club located about five miles outside the limits of a city. We played around the course in the afternoon, and as there were rooms in connection with the club, we decided to remain and rest there over the Sabbath. What was my regret in the morning about 8 o'clock to hear underneath my window the crack of the golf ball! Up to 10 o'clock I counted some seventy-five players starting out. In the afternoon there was no lull. Possibly 100 to 150 caddies were engaged during the day. No tournament could have been more full of excitement and bustle. And the question kept swimming into the thought, What is all this going to mean to the future of the church? Let it be borne in mind that there are about 1000 organized clubs in the United States today, with a membership of more than a quarter of a million, and the number increasing every week. What does it mean that 100,000 caddies are kept away from Sunday school every Sunday morning? It is a well-known fact that in most places the links are more crowded on Saturdays and Sundays than any other days. Indeed, in some instances guests are not permitted Sunday privileges, there being no room. In some a double charge is made. I can count just now, without any warning, from twelve to twenty members of churches who up to two years ago would have been shocked at the idea of Sunday golfing, but who today are spending every Sunday morning on the links.

* * *

We chanced at dinner on the occasion just cited to be seated by a certain gentleman, who remarked:

"Well, did you have a good game today?"

"I never golf on Sunday," I answered; "I always go to church."

He laughed. "My family were there, I guess. I confess I haven't been around very much this summer. To tell the truth, I find that this does me more good."

"Then I suppose you would be ready to make that position a universal law," I ventured. "Would you advise it for everybody? Do you approve of it for the caddies?"

But just then the gentleman across the table chimed in that it looked a little like rain, and the discussion was dropped.

* * *

Personally, I believe this matter is fast becoming the most serious Sunday desecrating question before the church. The man who takes to golf is a man of a religious tint of mind. He is not the noisy shouter of the diamond or of the turf. The game draws its devotees largely from business and professional life. It is a keen blade thrust into the very life of the church, and dangerous, much more dangerous than the coarser weapons. The foe that is to be feared most is the polished foe. And if you ask what we as Christians ought to do about it, of course, one hardly knows what to suggest. It is not going to be an easy thing to combat. It is rapidly becoming rooted.

* * *

But perhaps a suggestion might not be out of place. To illustrate: In the club of which the writer until just recently belonged about half the members by actual count were professing Christians. Now suppose these were to organize a club of their own, patterned on Christian ideals, with no bar and

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no Sunday playing permitted? They have the influence and they have the money. Why not do it? And suppose every other city club were to do likewise? We are losing our Sabbath day by leaps and bounds and flashes. It is running away from us at breakneck speed. No use denying it. The man who denies it knows not the facts. Our condition today is little better than continental. The automobile and the links are doing more today to empty our churches than any other lure of the evil one. They are the response of a worldly Christianity to the irreverent challenge of the age.

"Devil's Disciple" at Cumnock

It was a large and discriminating audience that greeted the production of "The Devil's Disciple" at Cumnock Hall, Thursday night, the initial performance by the Playgoers Society of a series of modern plays not heretofore given in Los Angeles by stock or visiting companies. Credit for this idea is due to Miss Willamene Wilkes, the able young stage director and manager of the society. With her are associated a coterie of bright young men and women having more or less histrionic talent and a genuine taste for good drama. Easily first in this work is R. H. Seward, whose portrayal of Richard Dudgeon, the devil's disciple, was a decidedly unamateurish characterization. Mr. Seward has a fine stage presence, an unhurried ease, a good carrying voice and a nice sense of humor, combined with dramatic qualities that give great promise for the future. Another good piece of work was that of Douglas Arnold as General Burgoyne. Paul Elie's Major Swinton lacked repose, but was an earnest depiction. The Anthony Anderson of Edwin Walker was a trifle stiff, but intelligent. Miss Wilkes gave a careful portrayal of Judith Anderson, evincing a fine appreciation of the Shavian requisites for the wife of the parson. Caroline Ferris did excellent work as the unlovely, religious fanatic. Mrs. Dudgeon and Essie Ellen Galpin also contributed materially to the success of the production. Minor parts were well placed with Allen Box, Jr., and Harold Mosher—the latter of whom made a capital sargeant. Better amateur work has seldom been seen, in the mass, in

Los Angeles, and judging from this initial effort, the succeeding performances, should be well worth seeing by those who are interested in good drama.

At Mt. Washington

Dr. H. M. Field and son, Mr. Elliott Field, of the Hotel Mt. Washington, are passing a fortnight in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. James S. White of Holtville, Imperial valley, are registered at Mt. Washington Hotel for a few weeks' stay.

Tuesday, Mrs. E. G. Smead entertained with a luncheon at Hotel Mt. Washington. Her guests included Miss A. A. Smead, Rev. E. S. Hodgins, Mrs. Hodgins of Pasadena, and Mrs. Peck, Marjorie Peck, and Miss Katherine Peck of Hollywood.

Mr. Glen Johnson and sisters, Miss Martha Johnson and Miss Annabelle Johnson and Master Raymond Johnson have returned to the Mt. Washington from San Gabriel canyon, where they have been enjoying a month's camping and fishing trip.

Miss Pearl MacGrath of Seattle is again at the Hotel Mt. Washington after a month passed at Coldbrook Camp.

Miss Marjorie Melville and Miss Bessie Hogan are at the Mt. Washington Hotel for the season, their charming music there being enjoyed each evening.

Recent guests to register at Arrowhead are Dr. F. L. Dennis, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Mr. S. Benson and daughter, Portland, Ore.; Mr. S. A. Bentmayer, Philadelphia; Mrs. Augustus Smith, New Bedford, Mass.; Mr. Henry Miller and party, San Francisco; Mr. Frank Acker, San Francisco; Miss M. L. Pillsbury, Miss G. B. Pillsbury, Washington, D. C.; Mr. F. D. Hudson, Mr. P. A. Cramp, Mr. J. F. Hanna, Riverside; Mr. Thomas Corcoran, Corona, Cal.; Mr. Joseph Yoch, Santa Ana; Mrs. Charles B. Walter, South Pasadena; Mrs. A. W. Ryan, Mr. A. C. Summers, Mrs. A. E. Higgins, Mr. Harry McComb, Mr. F. Clement, Mr. Will K. Cralle, Mr. P. C. McIntyre, Mr. O. L. Burt, Mr. E. Humbert, Judge George H. Hutton, Mrs. George H. Hutton, Mr. Bob Hutton, Miss Bertha Mohn, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lewis and Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Day, Los Angeles.

Stocks & Bonds

Conditions in the Los Angeles Stock Exchange securities market have reflected midsummer weather this week, with the recent sharp upturn in prices not having been maintained. The belief of experts was that the bull movement would continue much longer than was the case. The cheaper specialties in the oil list have led the trading volume, with Associated and Mexican Common alone in demand among the higher grade petroleum. The first named, after being pounded to 47, here as well as in San Francisco, recovered better than \$2.50 a share, and at this writing the stock looks as if it might be again heading for beyond 50.

Among the Doheny oils Mexican Common has been swung past 36 this week on reports from New York that the company's financing is nearly assured. The same story has done duty so often, however, that the latest edition of alleged facts moved the stock up only one point. Mexican Preferred is at about the figures of a week ago. Doheny Americans are showing form and one of these days these shares should awaken from their present slumber.

All of the Union issues continue soft, with professional rigging, and with no certainty of an early revival of interest in these stocks. Central is much stronger, with not a great deal of stock in sight, apparently. The shares have gained better than two points this week.

Consolidated Midway and California Midway have been in the limelight of trading all the week, with both issues decidedly soft. The first named would appear to be a purchase on breaks, and the latter appears to be rigged for the purposes of holding the market at a level. Among the real sleepers that should be acquired for a pull are Jade, Rice Ranch and Western Union.

In the banking list Southern Trust has been the single consistent performer of the week. The stock is selling at better than 85, ex-dividend, due to reports of alleged advantageous amalgamation plans, to be announced in the near future.

There is nothing doing among the industrials and the bonds known in this market are not being sought by investors.

In the mining shares Johnnie continues to advance, due to the company's excellent financial conditions, it is said.

Money is in demand, with plenty of capital available for all legitimate purposes. There is no sign of a change in rates.

Banks and Banking

W. R. Williams, state superintendent of banking, has compiled the following statement of the assets and liabilities of state and national banks of California, at the close of business June 7: Aggregate assets, 502 state banks, \$608,858,170; 203 national banks, \$433,582,491; increase over 1910, \$72,594,646. Loans and discounts, 502 state banks, \$379,064,484; 203 national banks, \$226,301,290; increase over 1910, \$42,965,344. Bonds, etc., 502 state banks, \$115,436,308; 203 national banks, \$79,239,100; increase over 1910, \$14,447,995. Cash in bank, 502 state banks, \$21,738,168; 203 national banks, \$31,127,020; decrease under 1910, \$640,123. Increase, 19 national and 10 state banks.

Directors of the Los Nietos Valley Bank have elected the following officers: Q. J. Rowley, president; Arthur L. Darby, vice-president; Joseph Smith, secretary, and Charles R. Church, cashier. Mr. Church was made a director to succeed J. W. Siler, who has resigned, and Mr. A. L. Ball was elected to fill the vacancy of the late Clinton Blythe, whose son, Paul Blythe will assist Mr. Church in the Watts branch.

October 1 the American National Bank of Monrovia will move into its new two-story building at Myrtle ave-

nue and Orange avenue. The cost of the building is estimated between \$55,000 and \$60,000, and the furnishings and fixtures at \$15,000.

Articles of incorporation have been filed by the Commercial Savings Bank of Carpinteria. Directors are Warren D. Isenberg, president; J. G. Deadrick, James K. Catlin, and W. C. Hickey; the capital is \$25,000.

Pomona, Ventura, San Bernardino, and Madera will be favored with postal savings banks. Los Angeles and San Francisco are endeavoring to have the system established in their precincts.

September 1, the new Coachella Valley National Bank will open for business.

"Plunger" Gates and His Personality

John W. Gates who is critically ill in Paris, is well known, both as a market plunger and as a steel man. He has been president of the Illinois Steel Company, now a part of the United States Steel Corporation, for many years. In New York he is recalled as a typical Western stock operator of the old school. His readiness to run risks, remarks the Chicago Post, was illustrated by his famous remark, "I bet you a million," and his tactics were not always agreeable to the Eastern capitalists with whom he came in contact. The fact is that New York bankers have little love for this daring speculator in stocks, in railroads and in industrials. But Gates demonstrated his ability to hold his own against the best of them. He worsted Morgan over Louisville & Nashville; he hoodwinked the steel trust, while for years he has been a thorn in the side of Standard Oil. He and his confreres reached the zenith of their speculative careers before the panic of 1907. At that time "The House of Twelve Partners" was causing a big splash in the speculative pond. Shortly after the upheaval, however, Mr. Gates announced that he was through with the ticker for life, his firm was dissolved and Mr. Gates betook himself to less exciting fields. But the lure of Wall street proved irresistible and in due time he was back at the old game. Mr. Gates' illness has caused his Texas Company's shares to decline sharply, but should he pass to the great beyond, few, if any, other concerns would be materially affected. The truth is that the financial markets today are too big to be influenced greatly by any one man. The sudden removal of Mr. Harriman demonstrated this. Everybody was fearful that his death would precipitate a panic, for Mr. Harriman dominated absolutely and actively more important enterprises than any other financier in the history of this country. But Mr. Harriman's demise produced not even a ripple. The only man who can be compared to Harriman in active power is J. P. Morgan. Rumors of his death have frequently been circulated during recent years, with the object of depressing stocks, and on most occasions the trick has worked well until exposed. Mr. Morgan is associated with more enterprises than Mr. Harriman was, but he takes much less interest in their actual running than did Mr. Harriman, so that Mr. Morgan's removal would not directly interfere with the administration of any railroads or industrial organizations with which he is connected. At the same time, he is so great a factor in the world of finance that should anything happen to him, widespread uneasiness would be felt. John D. Rockefeller, reputedly the richest man in the world, has been so long out of daily touch with the management of the huge machine which he built up that his elimination would probably have no injurious effect. Mr. Rockefeller was wise enough to withdraw from the strenuous life while yet he had a fair measure of health. For a

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decade the responsibility of managing the Standard Oil Company and its multifarious ramifications has devolved upon younger shoulders.

Proposed Copper Merger Abandoned.

From what seems to be an authentic source it is learned that the plans for a consolidation of the big copper interests have practically been abandoned. This is the direct result of the decisions of the United States supreme court ordering the dissolution of the American Tobacco and the Standard Oil companies, for the merger as planned is held by lawyers to be a combination in direct restraint of trade. To put it through, according to this authority, would simply have meant an invitation to Washington to start an investigation and an attack on the new organization in the course with the probable result that these prosecutions would not have been confined to corporations alone, but would have involved the personal liberty of the officials of the combine.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Issuance and sale of the Los Angeles harbor and power bonds have been authorized by an ordinance recently adopted by the city council. The power bonds, which amount to \$3,500,000, do not begin to mature until 1917, but the \$3,000,000 harbor bonds begin maturing this year. It has not yet been decided if all the bonds will be sold in the open market, or whether a part of them will be disposed of to the city sinking fund.

A. C. Balch, W. G. Kerckhoff and Henry Huntington are responsible for the gigantic electrical power enterprises recently launched in this city. The organization will practically control all the electric power in San Joaquin and north of Fresno, and a large percentage of that used in Southern California. Bonds amounting to forty or fifty million dollars will be issued.

Santa Barbara's board of supervisors has accepted the bid of the Commercial Bank of that city for \$40,000 Montecito road bonds. The county clerk has been instructed to advertise for bids for the work. The county treasurer also was ordered to advertise for sale the Goleta road bonds, amounting to \$100,000, which were voted nearly two years ago.

Miramonte school district will hold an election August 2 on the question of issuing bonds to the amount of \$13,000 for purchasing school sites, and making alterations and additions to school buildings. Bonds are to be of \$1,000 denomination and bear 5 per cent interest.

Ocean Park will shortly call an election to vote on a bond issue of \$7,000 for sewer mains at Fourth and Marine, \$20,900 for storm drains, aprons and bulkheads at San Vicente, Montana, Nevada, Fremont and Colorado, and \$25,000 for two auto fire trucks and 2,000 feet of hose.

Los Angeles city council has passed an ordinance providing for the issuance of \$3,500,000 electric plant bonds, authorized at special election April 19, 1910. Bonds are to be of \$1,000 each, dated June 1, 1911, and bear 4½ per cent, payable semi-annually.

Up to 2 p. m., August 14th, the Los Angeles board of supervisors will receive sealed bids for the purchase of the San Gabriel school district bonds

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amounting to \$20,000. Bonds are of \$1,000 each, dated August 1, 1911, and bear 5 per cent interest.

August 4, the Whittier School district will vote on a bond issue of \$30,000, in denomination of \$1,000 each, bearing 5 per cent interest, to be used for purchase of building lots and the construction and equipment of school-houses.

City trustees of Oxnard are considering an issue of bonds for the installation of a municipal water system. It is estimated that \$100,000 would cover the cost.

Fullerton has called an election on the issuing of good road bonds for \$132,000 and concrete bridge bonds for \$14,000.

San Gabriel recently voted \$25,000 for the erection of a new school building and the purchase of school sites.

Placentia will vote July 29 on a \$44,000 bond issue for the construction of a grammar school.

Oceanside has passed the bond issue of \$15,000 for the erection of a new high school building.

By a large majority Redondo carried its school bond issue of \$75,000.

Inglewood has voted \$30,000 bonds for street improvements.